THE BOOK OF TO DAY

by

Arthur Brisbane

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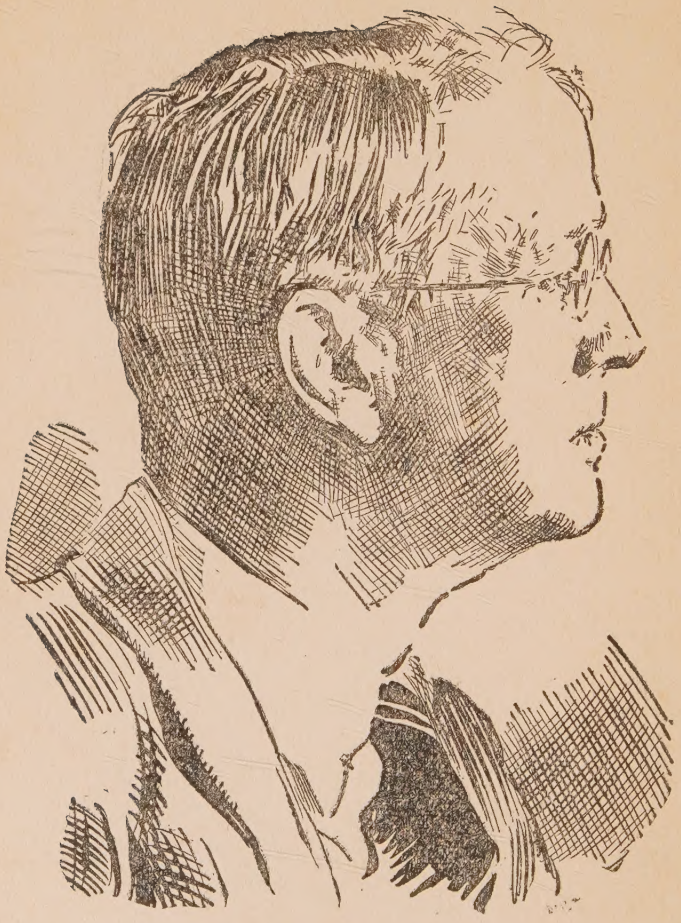

A Brisbane

THE BOOK OF TODAY

BY

ARTHUR BRISBANE

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THE BOOK OF TODAY.

Fifty Years Past—and Fifty to Come

What the past has seen, we know. What will the future show?

MILLIONS of men on this earth remember distinctly the past fifty years, and their fathers remembered fifty years farther back. The hundred years behind us have seen a complete change in the ways of human beings and in the world's methods. The stage coach went, steam cars and steamboats came in.

The telephone has come—*conquering space.*

The wireless telephone and telegraph have come—*conquering space and time.*

The flying machine has lifted men from the earth—*conquering the law of gravitation.*

The automobile has replaced the horse on city streets, and will replace it on the farm.

Electricity has lightened the labors of women, sweeping, washing, heating, refrigerating, sewing, cooling, lighting, driving machines, executing convicts.

Man, born with ten fingers, provides himself through electricity and machinery with a thousand million fingers of steel.

Women vote, the law allows it.

Men have no right to drink, the Constitution forbids it.

Nations gather together and bargain, as individuals

used to do. They borrow billions from each other. They do not keep their bargains well, and do not repay the billions they borrow. But there is at least a start in international dealing to replace international war.

Savages, as individuals, when they first bargained and borrowed, did not keep their bargains or repay borrowings, either.

Fifty years ago, the man that had one million was looked up to—he was that wonderful thing, "a millionaire." Today, a man with an annual income of only one million is not "so very rich." One man among us has an income of more than two million dollars a week. And Henry Ford, who manufactures the cheapest thing in his line, pays to the Government an income tax of forty millions or more a year.

The world used to talk of millions, and hardly believed in their reality. It now talks of billions. A bonus for the soldiers will require five billions. Before the Government finishes with allowances to injured soldiers and others engaged in the late war, it will spend probably *seventy-five billions.* Europe owes us eleven billions—we probably shall never get the money.

And so it goes. We have reached the age of the billionaire, with the billion as the international unit.

The last fifty years have been years of big things, built up by the power of big crowds working together. But the *individual man is not much bigger,* better or happier than he was. The Pacific Ocean is big, but a drop of water in that ocean is no bigger or more powerful than a drop of water in your wash basin. Men are still little human things, drops in a human ocean con-

stantly getting bigger and more powerful, but the drops not changing much in themselves.

How can they change? How *can* the *individual* be made greater, his life more complete, worth while? That is the question that the last fifty years and the last thousand centuries have done little to answer.

Man has discovered radium in the ground, new elements in nature, new metals, new forces. But he has done little to change or improve *himself*. It is probably true that the average intelligence among the higher races of civilized man is lower today than it was among the free citizens of Athens twenty-five hundred years ago.

Scientifically and mechanically, in skill and in understanding of our surroundings, from the oil well at our feet to the distant nebula, we improve. But as individuals, as a human *race,* we have advanced and improved little.

What will come in the next fifty years, or the next century, the period that will be lived through by our children and grandchildren?

There will be talk of exhausted coal mines and oil wells. That will mean no more than the lack of whales means now to our lighting system. There was a time when men worried thinking they would have no oil for their lamps, and go back to tallow candles, if the whales were all killed off. Kerosene and electricity settled that.

Before coal and oil are gone, men will harness the tides, the power of the sun itself, or tap hidden fires in the earth a few miles below our feet, and wonder that their ancestors ever dug underground for coal.

Before today's children are old, all long journeys across the ocean, around the world, will be made in flying machines. Men will easily breakfast in Paris and lunch in New York on the same day.

It was considered marvelous when speaking tubes first enabled the lady on the third floor to listen to the other lady in the kitchen.

In place of these speaking tubes, the whole world will soon be using the "ether lanes," and opera singers in New York City will be heard, as they sing, by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, China, Mesopotamia, as distinctly as by Coney Island.

The human mind, taking everything for granted after two weeks, will think nothing of it, and will concentrate, as is usual, on the triviality that is new.

We shall develop mines under the sea with submarines, irrigate deserts by diverting the course of rivers that now waste power and wealth, washing fertile soil out into the ocean. Swamps will disappear, improved machinery making it easy. With the swamps will go mosquitoes and the diseases that they spread.

We shall build cheap houses, liquid stone will make that possible.

Improved farm machinery will solve the problem of food for all the world's population.

Public control of transportation, ending private control of public monopolies, will solve distribution—and that will be one great step forward.

The world has already solved the problem of production. We have water for the dry land, knowledge in libraries for the dry brains, factories to supply all goods needed, *distribution* is lacking.

Education will be made attractive, instead of being

repulsive. That work is well under way now. It has been accomplished largely among the children of the rich.

Most important of all, but still a long way off, *labor will be made attractive.* A man's life is made up of work, and ninety-nine men out of a hundred *detest the work which makes up their lives.*

Kings, ten thousand years ago, anxious to win their battles, endeavored to make the work of the soldier attractive with uniforms, music, loot, and special privileges.

Sooner or later kings of industry will realize that industry can be made attractive just as easily as it is now made repulsive, and at the same time made more profitable to all.

Men will work willingly and gladly. That will be another great step forward.

But what about the real work developing latent powers within the human mind and soul, as we develop mines, oil wells, water power and scientific machinery?

That will come. It will seem slow to us, but it will not be slow in reality. How much has been achieved since the days of the marvelously intelligent Greeks. And we are separated from them by only *seventy-five generations.*

What are seventy-five generations? The death of one parent and the birth of a child repeated seventy-five times take us back beyond the birth of Christ.

We know from scientists that this earth will last as it is now, suitable for the habitation of men for at least a hundred million years, probably much longer—barring cosmic cataclysm, such as collision with another planet.

We are only twelve thousand years removed from the Stone Age, from our ancestor with the brutal jaw, the two inch teeth, the one inch forehead.

We have done wonders in the twelve thousand years. We have harnessed lightning that our ancestors feared, once we bowed down and worshipped it, now it sweeps the floor in a vacuum cleaner.

We have a hundred millions of years to do other things, feeble imaginations cannot even conceive what the hundred million years will show. We shall talk to the other planets, as many of them within our solar system as have thinking beings fully developed.

We know that the ether which permeates all space, carries messages as well as any wire.

But what about the next fifty or one hundred years, what will that period show?

We are in the age of scientific development now, as we were in the age of artistic development in the day of Michael Angelo.

It is impossible to predict or even to imagine what the short space of a hundred years may produce.

If twenty-five years ago a man had predicted the flying machine as an accomplished fact, wireless telegraphy, an opera singer in New York heard in San Francisco, such a man would have been called crazy.

What is the use of guessing?

"It hath not been shown what we shall be."

The main thing is for each man to *live* earnestly, *think* earnestly, *do* the best that he can.

All the power of Niagara is simply the combined power of tiny drops falling from a certain height.

The Snail Goes Like a Rabbit

This is perhaps the oldest editorial in the world. The cave man recited it to his son when he told him how to hunt for his prey. The squaws out West told it to their little papooses as soon as they were old enough to listen. Lord Chesterfield wrote it to his boy. Every mother in the country impresses it upon her children once a month. Yet, over and over, the same thing needs to be said. Meet opportunity when it comes toward you. If you wait until it passes, you will never catch it.

OPPORTUNITY comes like a snail, and once it has passed you it changes into a fleet rabbit and is gone.

What is *opportunity?* It is the chance to do something, to get something, to achieve something, to climb out of the rut. *To be somebody* of value in the world.

Opportunity is life itself. That which we call conscientiousness, or soul, or thought, can be imagined floating in infinite space without any material body to bring it in contact with the world.

Then thought is put into the body. The body is able to do its part in a world of solid matter, and of other bodies. And with the coming of life *opportunity comes.*

There are millions of opportunities around us every day. Some we see, and know that they are beyond us, or believe that they are beyond us, and do not try.

Others we see, and look upon them as beneath us—and in considering an opportunity too low, we often miss the opportunity that is the best.

One man who began poor and died very rich, in Chicago, had a little stand on the street and sold fruit. He saw an opportunity to add dried fruit to his fresh fruit, and he did that.

He saw the opportunity to add part of a window to his little fruit stand, and to have tea and coffee for sale in small, neat packages. He did that.

He died the biggest coffee man in the country, with more millions than he needed. Standing in front of his cheap, rickety fruit stand, he saw opportunity coming and he was ready for it.

Thomas A. Edison sat at his key, sending telegraph messages like millions of others.

His brain enabled him to see an opportunity, which was the sending of more than one message over the same wire.

He didn't simply think about it, speculate about it, and drop it. *He made it a reality.*

When opportunity came crawling toward Edison it found him ready.

That is why everybody in the world knows about Thomas A. Edison.

In youth we have the opportunity to absorb information, and in mature years we have the opportunity *to use it.*

Too often we neglect the opportunity in youth and spend the later years regretting that the opportunity was neglected.

In a million ways men achieve success, big or little.

One becomes rich and useful because he sees the possibility of building a railroad across the continent, or because, like Cecil Rhodes, his mind can carve out an empire in Africa.

Another simply sees the opportunity of putting one dollar on top of another, getting more dollars as rapidly as possible, keeping them all and spending none.

There is something almost human and intelligent, something mysteriously knowing in opportunity.

It comes toward you so very slowly that you can't help seeing it, if you *will* see it. It creeps up like a snail, it passes you, it seems to make up its mind that you are not the person to seize opportunity, *and it is gone in a second.*

Some of us miss opportunity because we are too dull to try. Others let opportunity go by, too much startled when they see it to take hold of it.

We are like the man who sees his first deer in the forest and forgets to use his gun.

Fortunately, a long procession of slowly moving opportunities meets all of us. And fortunately, also, in some form, opportunity is before us all the time.

The commonest form, one most often neglected, and the safest opportunity for the average man to seize, is *hard work.*

There is scarcely a sane, average, moderately healthy human being that could not end life comfortable and prosperous, if he would seize the two possibilities always with us—*hard work and economy.*

Health means power, and power means opportunity.

Every one of us can improve his health if he will. Sensible living, temperate eating and drinking, regular sleep, *without added expense,* will increase health, power and opportunity.

Information gives the power that brings opportunity. The books are in the libraries. We can all read and learn if we will. How many young men can truly say that they do not throw away every day two hours? Two hours a day in five years will make an educated man, one able to seize an opportunity when he sees it.

In our life of money making and commercial struggling opportunity very often comes labelled with this little sign: "I am for the man who has saved up a little money."

Many a man has missed his opportunity because he hadn't the thousand dollars or the five hundred dollars that the opportunity called for.

How many men are there that can really say that it is *impossible* for them to save five hundred dollars? You can't save it this week, or this year, or next year perhaps. But you *can* save it. And once you have money in your pocket, money that is yours, money over and above all your debts, many an opportunity that goes around you will come straight toward you. Only be sure that it is an *opportunity,* and not somebody more cunning than yourself who sees the opportunity in *you and your guilelessness...*

To see and seize opportunity the mind must be free from rubbish and useless lumber. If you are thinking of your own misfortunes, about your qualities that are not

appreciated, about your high deserts and nobility of soul, your nose will be in the air, and your eyes won't be on the ground when opportunity comes crawling along.

Free your mind from rubbish, especially from self-complacency and self-approval.

Say to yourself: "The world is full of opportunity; the men that have succeeded had no better chance than I. They succeeded because they saw opportunity, seized it, and hung on to it.

"If I don't succeed it is because I have not *deserved* to succeed. If I have not seized any good opportunities in life, it is not because the opportunities have all gone the other way and have never passed me. Hundreds have passed me. It is time now for me to seize the next one that comes along."

The man who stops blaming conditions, blaming government, blaming others, his relatives, his employers, his friends, and who blames himself, is the man that will seize and use the next opportunity that comes.

There never lived a man who "never had a chance." Only a man born an idiot can say truly that he has had no opportunity. The trouble is that too many insist on saying what *kind* of an opportunity it shall be, and *when* it shall come.

If you see four boys together, three of them smoking cigarettes and one not smoking, you know that one of them has a better chance than the others.

You may see a half dozen young men working in stores, five of them complaining about the public, about

hard work and long hours, and the sixth saying to himself: "If I can't succeed as an employee I shall never succeed as an employer."

If you find the five pitying themselves and the sixth determined to do what is good for him, you know the sixth is the one that will take opportunity when it comes, for he has already taken the opportunity of making himself a worker.

Be ready.

The way to be ready is to be at work. Opportunity comes to the worker, not to the idler who is waiting for opportunity to come.

Edison was working at his key when his thought and his opportunity came to him.

Newton was not lounging, idling, when the apple fell. He was thinking on the problem of gravitation and falling bodies. And when the apple fell—assuming that old story to be true—he combined the happening with his thought and his work, and seized the opportunity to solve the greatest problem in celestial mechanics.

In every shop, every store, every farm, there is opportunity.

If your work is bad, if your employer is bad, you can watch for the opportunity to get out. But be sure that you *get* the opportunity. *Wait until it comes.* To drop one thing until you have another is one of the shortest roads to failure.

Any kind of work is a gymnasium in which you develop your own power and talent.

Success depends on being exact, industrious, intelli-

gent, obliging, practical. You can develop the good qualities *inside* of yourself just as well in the humblest work as in the highest work. A young man working as street car conductor has just as many opportunities of understanding human beings, which help to real success as the president of the railroad, hidden away in his big office.

Some of us are old, some young, and some in the doldrums of middle age. But none of us is too old for opportunity, if we will see it and take it.

Every year means 365 new opportunities. Every day means opportunity, every hour means possibility of good work, of foolishness abandoned.

Five minutes of earnest thought and self-analysis may mean years of comfort and useful work hereafter.

Fathers and mothers, don't frighten your children. To kill a child's courage is to kill his future chance.

Spending money, reasonably, in accordance with your means is wise and useful.

The Death of Enthusiasm

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—Emerson. Enthusiasm, a word that combines ambition, courage, determination and a hundred other words, is to the human being what steam is to the engine. When enthusiasm dies, the man is dead, and hope has left him. He may live on, apparently, but the real man is gone.

ENTHUSIASM is the power and the health of the mind. It is youth, ambition, *will.*

Man lives and is worth while as long as his enthusiasm lives.

And when enthusiasm dies, *he* dies—although he may not know it.

We all travel a certain distance *upward* along the road of life.

Enthusiasm is the force that drives us.

At one end of the long road is the cradle, where we get our start and our teeth. At the other end that vague temple called Success—and just beyond it the grave, where, without teeth, we lie down and are forgotten.

Why we start, *why* we climb, what the power that drives us toward the shining temple, we do not know.

All except perhaps one in a million fail, grow tired, sit down to rest like the man in the picture.

Then hope flies away, and that is *the death of enthusiasm.*

Dante, one of the world's three greatest writers—Homer and Shakespeare being the other two—showed in

his dreadful hell the spirits of men still living upon the earth. Their bodies lived on the earth's surface, but the soul was down below.

You should read, if you have not read, the wonderful pictures drawn by that Italian imagination without an equal.

Dante, conducted by Virgil, gets to the bottom of hell, where everything is frozen solid by the flapping of the gigantic wings of Satan. Satan himself is buried "at mid breast" in the ice that holds him fast, and flaps his wings through all eternity in the vain effort to free himself, while the freezing tears run from his six eyes, and each of his three mouths chews a miserable sinner.

A horrible monster to look upon was that Satan, his three faces—one vermilion, one yellow, the third black—his arms as big as giants and in each of his three mouths "a sinner champ'd bruised as with ponderous engine."

As Dante looked, the three sinners held in the teeth of Satan were Judas Iscariot, Brutus and Cassius. Well might Dante exclaim: "Oh, what a sight!" Well may the world wonder that in Dante's day nearly all men believed, and even in our day a few million of the ignorant, superstitious still believe in such a monster.

Before he had looked upon Satan Dante saw a miserable creature, his eyes covered with ice, begging that the ice might be removed for a moment "that I may vent the grief impregnate at my heart some little space ere it congeal again."

Dante told the poor sufferer that if he would tell who he was he would brush the ice from his eyes. And the man said that he was Alberigo, who had called his

associates together and poisoned them. Leigh Hunt rewrites the incident thus:

"'What!' exclaimed Dante, 'art thou no longer, then, among the living?'

"'Perhaps I appear to be,' answered the friar; 'for the moment any one commits a treachery like mine his soul gives up his body to a demon, who thenceforward inhabits it in the man's likeness. Thou knowest Branca Doria, who murdered his father-in-law, Zanche? He seems to be walking the earth still, and yet he has been in this place many years.'

"'Impossible,' cried Dante; 'Branca Doria is still alive; he eats, drinks and sleeps like any other man.'

"'I tell thee,' returned the friar, 'that the soul of the man he slew had no sooner reached that lake of boiling pitch in which thou sawest him ere the soul of his slayer was in this place, and his body occupied by a demon in its stead. But now stretch forth thy hand and relieve mine eyes.'"

Dante, whose ferocity was as great as his genius, refused to help the miserable sinner who begged "But now put forth thy hand and ope mine eyes." Says Dante: "I oped them not. Ill manners were best courtesy to him."

We do not believe, as the ancient believed and as Dante taught—although he was too intelligent to believe in hell's superstition—that men's bodies walk up and down on this earth after their souls have been taken below for perpetual torment.

We know there is a death *in* the body which is in-

finitely worse than the real death which sets a man free and ends his responsibilities.

The death of enthusiasm is the greatest possible calamity—*fight against it.*

Enthusiasm is hope, confidence in yourself, courage, a determination to succeed, or, at least, to struggle on *trying.*

Said Goethe: "Money lost, something lost.

"Honor lost, much lost.

"Courage lost, everything lost—better you were never born."

Enthusiasm includes courage in its meaning. Enthusiasm lost, everything lost—better you were never born.

What shall a man do who feels courage gradually leaving him and doubt, worry creeping in?

Can enthusiasm be kept alive in spite of disappointments, in spite of the disillusion that follows effort?

That each man must find out for himself.

Life grows wearisome. Every year seems like another mile in a long race.

Others fly past us. We seem to stand still. Enthusiasm flickers in the early morning, fades away by noon, gloom and depression finish the day.

What can a man do who feels enthusiasm dying within him, who remembers with a bitter smile the hope of his boyhood and his impatience to meet the world?

What cure is there for the deadly disease worse than death, the disease that the doctors do not know, the disease of dying enthusiasm that attacks nearly all men before they die, and a majority before they are thirty?

What can we do to keep enthusiasm alive? We can at least talk to ourselves earnestly and determinedly, as we would talk to a man sitting dejected on the roadside. To him we should say:

"Get up and walk on. *You have every chance now that you ever had.*

"You are older than some who have succeeded, true. But many succeed when much older than you and after discouragements much greater than yours.

"You have been so discouraged that you have thought of suicide. What of it? In all the list of the world's greatest successes there is probably not one but has felt as you feel—longed for death, and been tempted to seek it.

"Don't let the work that you have done already go to waste.

"Don't moan over time wasted. Let the thought of that time drive you to use the time that remains.

"The road is no steeper or rougher than it used to be. Thousands with more cause of complaint are struggling on, refusing to give up hope."

Hope goes but *can* be called back. Enthusiasm dies out, but it can be made strong again.

Age is no bar to success if the enthusiasm is there.

Weakness does not prevent success if only the body is weak. It is *weak courage* that keeps men sitting down as failures when they should be going ahead traveling the road.

The trouble in the average man is not lack of ability, intelligence, strength or health. It is lack of the courage that comes from enthusiasm.

Watch yourself and that power within you. With enthusiasm really dead and gone, your body lives still upon this earth, but, like the miserable creatures in Dante's Inferno, the real you is not here.

Courage is the *man,* and a man without courage is dead.

The only real wealth is human labor. If you don't waste that, nothing matters. Be as big a fool as you like, with your money.

To let hatred sink too deeply into the mind and heart is bad for the hater.

Of one thing be sure, young gentlemen: this and the next few years hold great possibilities for those that now have little. When the water is rough and weather uncertain, look out for valuable wreckage coming ashore. Of those that have, many will have left little or nothing before long. Changed and changing conditions will develop a new crop of the prosperous. Things will have to be done in a new way, the man with the new idea will have a chance.

The Span of Life

Life is a short walk along a narrow thread of destiny, beginning and ending in a mysterious unknown. Hope keeps us balanced as we walk the narrow line. Life is short as we see it, but in reality it is without beginning, and never ends—and, long or short, it is all that we have.

You are the figure walking on a slender thread. Each of us walks alone and must balance himself through life. Many millions walk but a few steps and fall back into the infinite whence they came. Other millions walk half or three-quarters of the way—a small percentage finish the full natural span of a normal life.

Hesitating, balancing, leaning to this side and to that side, you go along the span that leads from birth to death.

This is a subject about which all the writers have written, all the poets have sung, all the philosophers have speculated, and all the law makers have legislated.

We have all got to take the journey, walk the span, whether we like it or not. We are not asked when we come here whether we want to come. And it is not left to us to say when we shall go. We come without knowing why, we go without knowing why, and we travel our journey balanced on a thread stretched between the finger and thumb of Destiny.

We are not, however, mere machines wound up and set in motion. Something is left to our own decision.

We get an inheritance from fathers and mothers through thousands of generations, and it is true that we can have only what they give us.

But we have above everything, and in addition to everything, *will power,* the power of thought based on observation and guided by conscience.

We can use our character and temperament as the sculptor uses the block of marble, and we can carve inheritance as we will and at least make of it the best that it can produce.

This you see illustrated in the portraits of human beings taken in childhood and in old age. You may find two pictures of children much alike—the faces filled with goodness, cheerfulness, kindness and hope.

And the same two faces in old age will be as far apart as vice and kindness. One will have grown stronger and better, and the other will show the stamp of the evil thoughts and the uncontrolled passions and wasted will power.

Those that are most fortunate among men are able, in the brief span of life, to accomplish work that lasts for centuries, helping others that follow on the shaky walk across the taut thread. Some have been able, in one life, to benefit endless millions of lives after them. These have been the great teachers, discoverers, explorers, scientists, philosophers—and, above all, the fearless tellers of new truths.

Blessed are those able to do in one life a work that will help hundreds of millions.

But there is good work that *every* human being can do, there are rules that all *can follow,* and each man,

as he walks life's thread, should make these rules for himself and follow them.

Do your duty as well as you can do it—and begin by not hurting others in the effort to please or help yourself.

The first duty is to those nearest you. If every man of strength would help the half-dozen human beings nearest to him the problems of the world would soon be settled. The help must be of the right kind, not merely charity—although that is needed—but also sympathy, a good example, patience with weakness and dullness, and just dealings even with those that are unjust.

Each *can* do his duty, and he who does *that* has done all that can be asked and all that any man ever did since the world began.

Life is troublesome, full of care, disappointment and bitterness for those that carry responsibility and realize their shortcomings. But it has its reward as great as its worries.

To possess the friendship and affection of one sincere, loyal human being, to put the welfare of another ahead of your own, finding happiness in that, and, when you reach the end of the string and the time comes to fall off into the grave, to feel that you have done what you could, have not neglected those that had a right to count upon you—that makes life worth while and wipes out its disappointments.

What every man must learn unless life is to be a failure is to control himself and put his selfish desires and feelings in second place.

The man who controls himself through his will, who realizes that the shortness of life increases responsibility for the use of every hour, and who finally lives, day by day, as he would live if he knew that that day was the last—such a man is happy and his life worth while.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." —Proverbs XVI., 32.

Ill-temper begets ill-temper and poisons the nerves. When you are impolite to others, or angry, you poison yourself.

ASK THE WOMAN

Man is by nature unreasonable, every woman knows it.

TOMBSTONE AND CEMETERY FENCE

A tombstone is a queer thing, something like a fence around a cemetery.

If you amount to anything, you don't need a tombstone. If you don't amount to anything, a tombstone won't do you any good.

The fence around a cemetery is foolish because those inside can't get out, and those outside don't want to get in.

What Animal Controls Your Spirit?

Our good and our bad qualities are mapped out in our humble animal relations.

Of all animals upon earth man came last.

All earth's animal creations are bound up in man.

As to the first statement there is no difference of opinion.

The Bible and Darwin agree that man was created last of all the animals.

Very superficial observation will convince you that man contains in his mental make-up all the "inferior" animals, or at least many of them.

You, Mr. Jones, or Smith, who read this are in your single self a sort of mental zoological garden.

If you could be divided into your component animal parts there would be a menagerie in your house, and you, Smith or Jones, would be missing. That thing we call a "soul" would be floating around, impalpable, looking for its house.

You see the animal make-up in your neighbor more readily than in yourself.

How do men describe each other? Do they not speak as follows, and mean exactly what they say?

"He is as sly as a fox."

"He eats like a pig."

"He has dog-like faithfulness."

"He is as brave as a lion."

"He is as treacherous as a snake."
"He was as hungry as a wolf," etc.

Our good and bad qualities alike are mapped out in our humble animal relations.

The horse stands for ambition, which strives and suffers in silence; drive a horse to death and it utters no sound. The dog represents friendship, which suffers and sacrifices much, but whines loudly when injured.

No doubt each of the twelve passions that enter into Fourier's complex analysis of man each has its prototype in some one animal.

To rebel at the animal combination which makes up a man would be folly.

The Maker of us all, from ants to anti-imperialists, naturally gathered together the various parts in lower animal form before finishing the work in man.

A harmoniously balanced mixture of all the animals is calculated undoubtedly to produce the perfect man.

Therefore, study your animal make-up. Analyze honestly and intelligently the so-called "lower" creatures from whom you derive your mental characteristics. If you have not yet done so, study at once some good work on embryology, and learn with amazement and awe of your marvelous transformations before birth.

Then do your best to control the menagerie that is at work in your mind. Discourage Mr. Pig, if he is too prominent. Circumvent Mr. Fox, if he tries to rule you and make of you a mere cunning machine. Do not let

your Old Dog Tray qualities of friendship lead to your being made a fool.

In short, study carefully the animal qualities that make up your temperament and prove in your own person the falseness of Napoleon's irritating statement that a man's temperament can never be changed by himself.

It may interest you to note that when man becomes insane the fact is at once made apparent that his mind had acted as a ruler of a savage menagerie. Many crazy men imagine themselves animals of one sort or another. Nearly all of them display the grossest animal qualities, once their mind is deranged. Women of the greatest refinement sink into dreadful animalism when insane. Heine tells of a constable who, in his boyhood, ruled his native city. One fine day "this constable suddenly went crazy, * * * and thereupon he began to roar like a lion or squall like a cat."

Heine remarks with calculated naïveté: "We little boys were greatly delighted at the old fellow, and trooped, yelling, after him until he was carried off to a madhouse."

There is, by the way, much of the natural animal in "little boys." It takes years to make a fairly reasonable creature of a young human. For that reason many ignorant parents are foolishly distressed at juvenile displays of animalism, which are perfectly natural.

The same Heine, whose writings you ought not to neglect, describes beautifully a human menagerie. Heine was living in Paris in the forties of the 19th century, and used to visit a curious revolutionary freak named Ludwig Borne. Of this man's house Heine wrote:

"I found in his salon such a menagerie of people as can hardly be found in the Jardin des Plantes (the Paris

zoological garden). In the background several polar bears were crouching, who smoked and hardly ever spoke, except to growl out now and then a real fatherland 'Donnerwetter' in a deep bass voice. Near them was squatted a Polish wolf in a red cap, who occasionally yelped out a silly, wild remark in a hoarse tone. There, too, I found a French monkey, one of the most hideous creatures I ever saw; he kept up a series of grimaces, each of which seemed more lovely than the last," etc.

If Heine's polar bears, wolf and monkey had studied themselves, as we advise you to study yourself, they might have escaped the sarcasm of the sharpest tongue ever born in or out of Germany.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE—WORTH IT

Out of the war has come suffrage—worth many millions and many lives.

Politeness and cheerfulness are the oil that keeps the ball bearings of social life and good business in working order.

The oil of politeness costs *nothing;* on the contrary, it helps him that pours it, and him upon whom it is poured.

If ten million dead from the battlefields could rise and walk through the streets of the world's cities, trailing their bloody garments, with ten million others killed by the flu, following and sneezing in the rear, that would perhaps make the world realize that war, international or industrial, does not pay.

Why is Married Life Dull?

It is dull, too often. The fault is with the man usually.

THERE are many people in the United States, unfortunately, rolling over in their minds the above question.

Needless to say, there are exceptions to the dulness of which the majority complain.

Radiant thousands of young married people are so happy that the mere suggestion of dulness will make them indignant. Many *old* couples, too, after years of married happiness, wonder that any married people find life dull and tiresome, calling for variety.

The conventional honeymoon undoubtedly is often a dismal, foolish institution.

The young couple set off by themselves, traveling in railroad trains, stopping at strange hotels, or, most idiotic of all, going on an ocean ship to become seasick.

Young people that are just married—the young wife especially—ought to be at home, with the people they are accustomed to, and with ordinary amusements to keep them interested, and to keep them from thinking too much about each other and getting tired of each other.

If a man or a woman suddenly acquired possession of a very large mince pie, very agreeable to look at, that person wouldn't think of going off on a *mince pie* honeymoon for several weeks, with nothing on earth but mince pie to fill the time. Yet that is exactly what young

people do when they get married, and there ought to be a modification of that foolishness.

The dulness of married life is chiefly due to *men*—just about *ninety-nine per cent* of it is *man's* fault.

In the first place, when men get tired—as they do with their day's work—they are selfish and dull. And they make the home atmosphere dull.

In the second place, men are *selfish*, they want to be amused, and the moment they find that married life lacks the excitement of courtship they are apt to get tired of it—or if not tired, at least indifferent and callous. They haven't got enough imagination to keep themselves busy with the study of the human being confided to them. They haven't got enough unselfishness to make real happiness for themselves in trying to make another person happy.

A wise Frenchman said about the cause of inconstancy in man:

"Le sentiment de la faussete des plaisirs presents, et l'ignorance de la vanité des plaisirs absents, causent l'inconstance."

This may be translated: "A realization of the falseness of pleasures that *are present* and ignorance of the vanity of *absent pleasures* cause infidelity."

That is a good description of many men. That which they actually *have* seems worthless. And their ignorance of real life makes them think that something else would be better. To begin with, they go to excess in all things, and satiety follows on foolishness.

In the second place, all actual pleasure in life depends upon *the power of imagination.* A beautiful stream to one man is simply so much water in which he may possibly catch so many fish.

To another and a rarer man it is a never-ending source of delight; its coolness, beauty and purity afford him infinite pleasure.

Different men look at the same thing—that is to say, a woman—very much as different men look at a mountain brook. One man, clammy, with no imagination, looks upon a woman as an individual to minister to *his* comfort or convenience. The other sees in a woman all that nature has put there, goodness of character, devotion, unselfishness, a capacity for making life really interesting, and for making man much better than he really is—if he will have sense enough to give her the opportunity.

If there were more men in the world with imagination, mental activity, and *unselfishness,* there would be less dulness in married life. There is not more than one woman in a thousand with whom married life need *necessarily* be dull.

On the other hand—about nine hundred men out of a thousand would make life a dull, selfish institution if the superior quality of women did not rescue many men from their own natural dulness.

It should not be forgotten by those who discuss the dulness of married life that dulness itself is a *part of life in general.* It is impossible for human beings to be forever in a state of extreme exaltation and delight. They must settle down once in a while to matter-of-fact

living. Those that are sensible and well balanced enjoy each other's company even in quiet, peaceful moments. The less fortunate and more commonplace class drop down into dulness. And they look about foolishly and in dissatisfied fashion, thinking that *something else might* make them happy.

Of this the dissatisfied married man may be sure: He wouldn't be happier anywhere else than where he is. He might, and probably would, be very much *unhappier* —for a woman of the character that would help to take him out of his family would probably also help to make him pretty miserable when she began to get tired of him.

Women make one great mistake—it contributes to the dulness of married life and the failure of happiness. They are not *selfish enough,* they don't calculate enough. They ought to keep themselves to themselves more than they do. They ought to have control of the situation at the beginning of their married lives, and keep control until the end.

They ought especially to keep their husbands occupied with some slight feeling of uncertainty.

We do not suggest the worn-out, vulgar, comic opera expedient of making the husband jealous. The woman that could descend to such tactics is rather low in the scale. Better a life of sorrow and dulness than voluntary degradation of spirit. We'll quote our wise French friend again. "Il y a dans la jalousie plus d'amour propre que d'amour," which means, "There is in jealousy more *self* love than real love."

If you make a husband jealous you lower yourself,

and you do not arouse any affection *for you,* but only affection for *his own foolish self* and his own wounded vanity.

Never affect an interest in another man. If your husband amounts to anything he will simply have contempt for such a ruse, and if he amounts to nothing—what's the use of bothering about him?

But let your husband feel that *he must win your respect.* Don't be forever spoiling him with aimless and undeserved admiration and approval. He *knows that you know him.* He can't dodge that. Be strict—although kind at the same time.

You can make any husband try pretty hard if you refuse to give him your indorsement and admiration on any other basis. Men are poor, weak things, and they crave admiration at home. *Make them earn it.*

The wrong kind of man goes to pieces when times are bad, the right kind shows there is something worth saving in every smashup. What human beings need is something to shake them up and make them think.

What Are We Here For?

A question that is as old as the first man, the most important question that enters the mind of man.

"I wonder if you would answer this question:
"'What are we here for?'

"READER."

Is there a man or a woman into whose mind this question has never come?

A man may say to himself as an individual, What am *I* here for? What is *my* particular task? What are my special duties and possibilities?

Or he may look at the question from a wider standpoint and ask:

"For what purpose is *the human race* put here?"

Men are all brothers, although a majority are not civilized enough to know that. Men are as much alike, seen from the heights of justice and knowledge, as so many grains of sand or drops of water.

Men were put here as a *race* to fulfill duties as a race, to live and achieve together. And the biggest question that men have to answer, the question that the Greek philosophers studied thirty centuries ago, that Asiatics studied and abandoned long before them, is this:

Why is the human race here, what should it do, what *can* it do?

The question will be answered one day, and the answer will come because men forever discuss the great problem.

To see any question clearly, go far from it and study the picture as though you had no place in it.

Suppose you were a superior being on another planet, looking at this earth with its rivers, mountains, bowers, trees, beautiful green fields and about fifteen hundred million human beings scattered over it.

The earth would look like a great garden in need of cultivation, and you would look on the little microscopic, two-legged creatures as gardeners. If any one asked you, "Why are the little human beings put on that planet?" you would probably answer:

"God owns the planet. His pride is in that beautiful round earth. He put the little men there to cultivate it, drain the marshes, irrigate the deserts, wipe out the jungles and finally make a glorious and beautiful park of the whole earth.

"I marvel at His patience with these little human beings that fight each other and rob and cheat each other and waste their time instead of working at the great round garden confided to their care."

That would be the view of a thinking person, *away* from this earth. Such a being would say that we human beings are here to beautify the *earth* and improve it, and that as the microbes in the cheese give the cheese its flavor, so we microbes are here to give this earth its beauty.

That would seem reasonable from our feeble human point of view.

If you went to the estate of some English duke, and saw hundreds of human beings working at the lawns, walks, flower beds and greenhouses, you would not hesitate for a minute to answer the question, "Why are those men there?"

You would say, "They are there, of course, because the man that owns the great gardens wants the gardens looked after. First he got the garden, and after that he put the gardeners there to make it beautiful."

The materialistic man looks at the earth in that way; says that men are merely animals, with just sufficient thought to make them good caretakers of this planet, with no life hereafter, no probable great improvement here.

But this is not the highest or the true conception.

You might imagine the English duke thinking of his workmen only as human machines to care for his lawns. But you could imagine a nobler soul interested in his gardeners more than in his garden, anxious that the garden should be made beautiful in order that the gardeners and their families might live happily and develop spiritually amid beautiful surroundings.

The man is dull minded who doubts that the great power of Law and Justice that rules this universe and maintains in perpetual equilibrium and warm sunlight our little planet has failed to plan for the fullest development of the spark of cosmic consciousness called soul, which is in each of us the mainspring.

The wonderful earth, born in heat and fire, changing geologically through long millions of years, becoming more beautiful with each succeeding age, is ultimately to be an ideal home, perfect and beautiful. Who can doubt that to be the destiny of this planet?

A race of men born in ignorance, passing through hundreds of thousands of years of suffering, struggling, poverty, ferocious combat, famine and disease, are ulti-

mately to attain civilization, high knowledge, true brotherhood, to live happily on this planet for millions of years, with the dreadful past forgotten. Who can doubt the future of the human race?

It will become beautiful and perfect in beautifying and perfecting the planet. The human gardener will improve as his work improves; he will become worthy of the beauty and harmony that surround him in infinite space. Such is the hope of men as a race.

Thus man thinks of himself as a drop in the ocean of humanity. But apart from that thought there is the constant study of the individual *by* the individual, man seeking to know *himself*.

It is this self-study, self-questioning and self-reproach that push the world along, lifting up the race by lifting up the atoms that compose it.

The beautiful picture illustrates and helps to answer the old question, "Why are we here?"

The little child in the doorway on the poor street looks in wonder at the face of the old man, furrowed, sad and discouraged.

The old man, whose questioning and striving with fate has been answered by failure, looks down upon the little child, and in that child's face and hopefulness and helplessness finds a partial answer at least to the great question.

He knows that his own life need not be a failure in reality, although it has failed on the surface.

He knows that to protect one such child, to give it an

hour's happiness or save it from a day of suffering is alone worth while.

His clothes are torn, his shoes are worn, his face is sad with the disappointments and mistakes of many years.

He looks at the child, whose face is a page with no line written upon it, whose eyes reflect the wonders and all the beauty of truth and innocence, and looking at the child he is able to answer the question, saying to himself:

"I am here to help others, to use power wisely if it comes, and to endure poverty bravely if it must come. I am here to think not of myself but of others, to think of children such as this and to help them and protect them."

What are we here for?

We are here to find our work and do it, to realize our duty and do it, and to put ahead of all other considerations and things the needs of the weak and the poor.

"Throwing Money to the Birds—Sowing Sorrow"

One more dull sermon on economy. To one who travels through this world money is as important as quinine to the traveler in a fever country. Can you force yourself to realize that a foolish spender is as worthless as a leaky tub?

"The only way to have money to burn is not to burn it."

THAT is slangy, not the best of English, but it is the best of common sense.

To be able to spend enough when you are old, you must spend what seems too little while you are young.

Ahead of you is old age, waiting.

There is the old age, dignified, independent, happy—the best time in life, when foolish fires have died out, regretted follies are almost forgotten, no more harm or falsehood need be feared, and the mind, mature, studies life and other worlds quietly and hopefully.

There is the old age toward which so many are drifting—the old age of poverty, sorrow, humiliation and dependence.

Nothing is more dreadful than to be old, dependent upon others *and not wanted.*

The bread of charity or the bread coldly doled out as an unwelcome duty is bitter in the mouth. And thousands that see this will learn the taste of that bread.

Extravagance is a curse, and the extravagant, wasteful human being is accursed.

The vice of spending and buying needlessly destroys the pleasure of possession, the real happiness that might be enjoyed.

The most extravagant man is he who considers himself not extravagant at all. The boy who inherits a fortune and squanders it is not extravagant. He is a maniac, the poor, diseased victim of a diseased civilization which brings about the destruction of the child through the fruits of the father's industry.

The really extravagant young man is he who has a small income of salary, fifteen, twenty or thirty dollars a week.

The man reckless of water is not he who lives on an island in a big lake, but he who finds himself with a small supply of water in the middle of a dry desert.

If the latter is careful in the use of water he will cross the sand in safety; if not, he will die and contribute one more skeleton to the desert.

If the man of small income is careful and saving, he will cross the dangerous period of young manhood safely and reach the other side strong and independent. If not, he will add one more skeleton of failure to the desert of foolishness.

Don't deceive yourself and say that with such an income as yours it is impossible to save.

If it is possible for you to live, *it is possible for you to save.*

George M. Pullman, Marshall Field and John D. Rockefeller all saved the basis of big success out of less

money per week than tens of thousands of young men on small salaries spend for their weekly luncheons.

The young man typical of the big cities who ends the week "just about even or a little in debt," who usually borrows something on Friday to repay on Saturday, is the really extravagant man, the one throwing away his chance.

It may be more extravagant for you to spend daily thirty cents on your luncheon than it would be for some other man to buy a five-thousand-dollar automobile.

Should you starve yourself? Certainly not; that would be *stupid* economy. But if it is necessary in order to keep your receipts ahead of your spending you can easily save and not suffer hunger or cold. Don't deceive yourself about that.

The greatest advantage in economy, a fact that you can see in the lives of thousands of successful men, is not in the money saved, but habits formed, self-control acquired, and in work that the mind does in place of the follies that go with extravagance.

The man who is not playing pool may be reading, thinking of getting the early sleep that he needs—any one of the last three more valuable to him than the "pool money" saved.

The man who does not spend his money on drink, who does not make a fool and a wreck of himself, is saving his nervous strength, keeping the brain free from the harmful, resultless activities of alcoholism. And the saving to his nervous system and his brain is infinitely more valuable than the money saved.

If you do not control yourself and save now when it would be comparatively easy, others *will* control you, and you *will do without* in bitterness of spirit when you are old and the chance to save and build up independence will have gone by.

There isn't a young man in good health with an average small income who could not, *if he would*, make himself an independent man able to laugh at the terrors of old age and poverty.

What you save in money will help you, what you save in strength, in nervous force, in sleep, in good digestion, will help you more. What you gain in strength of character and self-control will help you most of all.

Don't pay any attention to what *others are doing.*

Because the fool next you squanders, don't think that *you have* an excuse for squandering.

If you were in China the fool near you might be smoking opium and making his ultimate ruin certain. But you wouldn't offer him as an excuse for opium smoking.

If you lived among Eskimos you would be surrounded by creatures going months without a change of clothing and years without a bath—but you wouldn't consider that a reason for *your* being filthy.

If you lived among savages and saw the fashionable young men of the tribe slitting their cheeks and rubbing in pigments, or thrusting bone ornaments through their noses, you would not do the same to yourself and offer fashion as an excuse.

Don't make fashion or custom in this foolish civilization an excuse for imitating the foolishness of those about you.

Think of yourself as an *individual* with will power, with need of all resources, mental, physical and financial.

Realize, *as you must do if your mind is clear,* that the only necessary thing for you is to do day after day the things that you know you ought to do, and not to do things that you know you ought not to do. You do not need to be told—you *know* what you need to do. *Do it.*

If you have ten dollars a week only and are careful, you will live to be envied by the man whose big income you envy now—if that man is foolish and extravagant.

In the long run a leaky tub will be empty.

And in the long run a wasteful man will be poor.

And a poor old age is dreadful and sad. Friends fall away and forget you. Life gets harder as the months and years go by. The body must be kept alive somehow, for the instinct of self-preservation is our master and we struggle on in weakness and sorrow to the bitter end.

The salvation of a traveler in a fever country is his supply of quinine pills that will fight the fever that enters his blood.

If you saw a man traveling in such a country scattering those precious pills to the birds and plunging on to certain destruction, how would you describe his folly?

How can you describe the folly of an individual who scatters, in youth, the money, the strength, the *will* that might have made that youth glorious and old age dignified, independent and honorable?

Save money, but save at the expense of your own vanities and weaknesses, not at the expense of those that have a right to look to you for help.

No man ever became a failure through doing too much for others.

For the chief gain in saving is the gain in character. And he who spends for others unselfishly gains more by far than he who selfishly saves.

If you want to know how difficult thought is, try to put one real thought on paper every day—then ask your friends whether it is really a thought, or only an exclamation.

The greatest teacher can put nothing *in*. Wise teaching brings that which is useful *out*.

Watch, for you know not when opportunity will come. In fact, it is here now, all around, for those that can see it.

The possession of gold is a mere fetich. It means nothing, gold is only a token. On a desert island after ten days Mr. Rockefeller would give all his gold for one ham sandwich.

To be seen, climb on a high place.

To be heard, make yourself somebody, then people will listen.

What Kind of Blinders Do You Wear?

Every man, like many horses, has a pair of some sort. "Get rid of them" is good advice, but not so easily followed.

THE horse wears blinders, and the horse is the stupidest animal—more stupid even than the pig, according to a great French animal trainer.

The horse must wear blinders in order that he *may not see things around him.* His business is to *go* ahead in a straight line until a tug at his mouth changes the direction. Therefore we fix him up so that he can only *see* in a straight line.

Sitting behind the horse you behold beauty or things of interest on all sides. Over there the calf kicks up his heels and bucks his mother; yonder a great tree rises toward the clouds, and, farther still, the steam cars remind you that you can go to town if you will.

But the horse must not, and does not, see these things. He has to be grateful for even a small piece of paper to shy at. The big things, the exciting things, that would make him run away and get his name in the papers, are shut out from him.

No wonder he is the stupidest animal.

But blinders made of leather, with monogram neatly engraved, are not *the only* blinders.

There are as many kinds of blinders in the mental world as there are different kinds of men.

And in one way the horse is ahead of us. He has blinders *forced* upon him. He always resists mildly when the bridle is pushed over his ears.

We human beings make our own blinders, fit them to our eyes, and either glory in them or ignore the fact that they are there.

It is a fact that each one of us carries around in his mentality some set of prejudices, preconceived opinions that act as blinders to the intellect and effectually shut out the truth.

These blinder-prejudices are of all kinds.

Many of us are born with them.

The man born rich, or made rich, often thinks the poorer man is necessarily evil and inferior. He has mental blinders that should be at work keeping some donkey in the narrow path.

The poor man often wears a permanent delusion which tells him that all rich men are bad and aching for his heart's blood. That set of blinders makes it impossible for him to reason sensibly or to work intelligently at the improvement of his class.

Poor women—let us always speak kindly of them—walk around in their millions with blinders labeled "conventionality." They would as willingly get out of life as get out of style. They look straight ahead at the hat of the woman in front of them, and that hat they will have, though the heavens fall or the husband fail. And as in clothes so in other things women stick to conventionality, and will not even look at truth if it wears an unfamiliar face. (That is partly due to woman's mistrust of what is new, while caring for

her children. The mother among animals or humans is intensely suspicious of the unknown. But that excuse, while sound, would carry us out of the line of argument.)

Women should try to think for themselves. As that great man, Buckle, said, compressing volumes of advice into few words: "Women should learn to be ashamed of ignorance."

If women could get their blinders off and be as thoroughly ashamed of ignorance as they are of last year's hat, or of a sleeve with the idiotic ornament in the wrong place, the world would jump miles ahead. That's all about women; no man has the heart to scold them.

Young men of today are the champion wearers and manufacturers of mental blinders warranted to make breadth of view impossible.

They start out with the idea that *they* personally are pretty nearly "all right." They want the world to recognize their value and do the right thing by them—but they are not willing to wait long. When a young reporter has been beaten on the news for a while at a salary of thirty dollars per week and wants forty, just remind him that he is paid more than the engineer of the Empire State Express, and ask him if he is a better man. He'll show you such a pair of mental blinders as would fill the heart of a white Spanish mule palfrey with bitter jealousy.

And tell the editorial writer that he says the same thing over and over, writing very commonplace stuff at that. You'll see visualized on the instant such a

pair of self-sufficient blinders as would explain even *his* lack of growth.

Young men suffer from self-satisfaction most deplorably, partly because old age, with us, pays too much attention to youth; partly because we wear the old men out and make youth conceited by premature success.

The young man who will tear off his blinders, look around at others and at himself, even if it does hurt his vanity, will grow in speed and strength, and very likely discover a short cut across lots—once the blinders have gone.

Millions of us have blinders fitted to us by unfortunate conditions of birth. *Ignorance* is of all things the heaviest handicap. Many suffer with it, through no fault of their own. Our public schools, happily, will tear off the blinders from the future generations more and more, as men learn the art of inculcating *real* knowledge, and of teaching men to *use* what they know.

Knowledge is the great enemy of blindness, both partial and absolute.

Knowledge fights against superstition, its worst enemy, and wins every battle. Knowledge combats petty meanness, planting love of truth and justice in the poor soil where only love of money grew before.

Knowledge in time will free all of us from the blinders that we wear—producing a human race as far ahead of us as we are ahead of the horse.

But as that good day will not come in *our* lives, let us attend each to his individual set of blinders *now*.

Each of us *does* wear a set. The problem is to *identify* them and tear them off.

Get your friends to help you. A good friend can tell you what is the matter with you in a minute. He may not seem such a good friend after telling. But if you are sensible *you* will be a better man.

One thing is important in this world, one only—*thought.*

Reading, of itself, is *nothing. Thinking* is all. Thinking is to reading as digesting is to eating.

Is anybody thoroughly educated? Certainly not, for a really educated man or woman would be the perfect man or woman. We are thousands of years from seeing that specimen.

Each must discover himself, *for himself.* There is very little use of relying on others to do it for you.

Do your part to make the nation cheerful.

Fear and anxiety tighten the heart, dull the mind, check effort.

Persist in *cheerfulness.* Talk it to your children and to your friends.

What Sort of Ambition Should a Man Have?

The ambition TO KNOW HIS POWERS, to know THEIR LIMITATIONS, and to work accordingly.

Is a man happy "if he remains in the humble place and station of his birth"? A reader asks that question. A man may find in the lonely cottage, or the village, or the big city street of his birth full opportunity to develop all his powers, to do all the good that is *in him*, to utilize wisely the uplifting force that we call ambition.

As a general proposition, however, a cultivated and civilized human being, like a cultivated and civilized shade tree, demands occasional transplanting. Man's destiny is to move about on the face of the earth. If he sits in one spot like a tree or a gooseberry bush, he doesn't give himself a full chance.

It is good for the country boy to go into the city. It is good for the city boy to go into the country—it is good for each to study that which he has not seen.

As to the man remaining in the "station of his birth," that is impossible.

At his birth a human being is little better than a mass of putty. He is a poor, almost bald, toothless, deaf and blind little creature, unable to do anything for himself. From this "station of his birth," which is a condition of absolute helplessness and uselessness, he may develop to be one of the great men of the world.

Or he may stop and pass his life at any one of a million intermediate stations. He may stop off in his progress, so to speak, at the first station, which is that of physical development and commonplace life.

The force we call ambition is a feeling not only of restlessness and desire for change and achievement, but especially a moral impulse to do good.

We all feel within ourselves a force stirring vaguely, indefinitely. We want to do something, and that desire to *do* something, if it is based on desire to be useful to other people, may properly be called ambition.

The successful ambitious human being is the one that *makes the best possible use of his or her powers.*

The world is full of perverted emotion, improperly called ambition.

That perverted ambition is selfishness, vanity, baseless egotism that makes us refuse to do useful work that we might do because it does not seem important enough.

The young girl should be ambitious—in the future and in the present.

As to her future ambitions, she may let her mind roam as far as she will. If she wants to think of marrying a king, or marrying the little boy around the corner and making a king of *him* by her influence, let her do so. If she wants to think that she will combine the powers of Rachel, Jenny Lind and Bernhardt—that won't hurt her.

But she must have an ambition right in the present —a *definite* ambition.

She must make up her mind that she will do what

she can to be useful in the house where she lives, and to *set a good example* wherever she may be.

Whatever good there is in small boys is usually based upon their admiration for girls of their own age. Girls should remember that they have an important work to do *today* in influencing the minds of lads with whom they come in contact, and inspiring in such boys admiration of good character.

The young boy should be ambitious also.

And while he dreams occasionally of being President of the United States, knocking Dempsey senseless, or making the best flying machine, he must have for his present ambition something simpler and more feasible.

If his people are good, the highest ambition he can have is to support himself and help *them.*

If they are making a sacrifice to give him an education that will help them later, the boy's ambition should be to do everything in his work to be worthy of the kindness and the opportunity they are giving him.

Every boy, young man and young woman should have ambition to understand public affairs, and, if possible, to influence them. *Power lies in all of the people.*

Every boy, girl, young man and woman should study political affairs, understand public questions and be ambitious, in a little or a big way, to help make this land a genuine republic, *governed in the interests of the people.*

It is proper that young men and women should have a reasonable desire to accumulate money. Poverty is slavery.

Only the greatest genius can do real work in the face of poverty, and to do it he must be content to endure suffering and humiliation.

Every young man should have a good, honest ambition to make a reasonable fortune, to put himself and those dependent on him beyond the reach of want, beyond the whims of some other human being.

But the making of money should be a secondary ambition. It is, properly speaking, not ambition at all —only a development of the instinct of self-preservation.

Real thought should dwell on the possibility of doing something entirely new which will be of benefit to all of the world—or of doing *extremely well* something that is necessary.

Encourage your own ambition, nurse it, *and mark out a definite course for it.*

A man can no more sail through life without a guiding, directing will—than a ship can sail across the ocean without a needle pointing in one direction all the time.

You may change your course; you may find as your abilities develop that you must change your plans.

Don't be afraid or ashamed to change the course of your ambition.

But have a plan, and stick to it until you make up your mind that it was wrongly selected.

And remember this: No man is worth his salt who does not try to do something that will help *others.* Everything that we enjoy on this earth—comforts, luxury—we owe to the ambition of unselfish, brave men that lived here before us. Try to be like them, in a big or a little way, and good luck to you.

The Truth Sets You Free

Truth is found in good books, freedom also.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

MAN progresses. He was a poor, shivering creature on this earth a hundred thousand years ago, afraid of wind that roared through his cave, calling it a devil; afraid of lightning that flashed in the sky, imagining that a supreme God was trying to hit his poor little carcass. That same lightning, the electric spark man uses inside the engine of the flying machine that carries him through clouds where lightning flashes. He knows scientific truth and that makes him free of superstition and free to ride through the air.

Many readers say "Tell us what to read, since you so often speak of good books."

First you want to know what and where this earth is on which you live. Read a good, simple book on astronomy. Flammarion's Astronomy is good. So is Ball's "Story of the Heavens."

It is a good idea to have on hand and read several books at once, each book opens up a new part of the mind.

While you are reading your astronomy read a good, simple up-to-date book on geology; get one recently written. Your librarian or book dealer will recommend one. This geology will tell you what has happened to the earth during the hundreds of millions of years that it has been spinning around the sun.

Then read a book on evolution, about the development of animal life on the earth, how you have gradually risen to an erect position, and learned to study the stars instead of studying ways to kill and eat your neighbor. Wallace's book on Darwinism is good.

After you understand something about the universe in which your earth is a little traveler, something about geology and evolution, read a good book on psychology and learn something about yourself, how it becomes possible for your brain to see and understand the world around you and the distant suns. Professor James has written an admirable text book on psychology. Get it.

Then get a history of philosophy, which means the history of human thought and abstract speculation.

Philosophy represents the effort of man to explain things to himself, as religion represents man's effort to believe, and thus get along without any scientific explanation.

The history of philosophy written by George Lewes, husband of George Eliot, is easy and pleasant to read, and sufficiently, although not perfectly, accurate.

While reading all other books, make it a point to read Shakespeare for at least fifteen minutes every day. Other books feed different parts of the mind. Shakespeare feeds the entire brain.

Read, a little at a time and changing from one book to another, the following books:

Bacon's Essays. He was one of the world's three

greatest thinkers. He died in disgrace, which shows that intellect is sometimes apart from character.

Read the essays of Montaigne and the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. At the same time, although some readers find it rather hard, read slowly Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws." Keep the last three books by you and read them intermittently in the course of a year. You will find in Montesquieu the history of man's struggle to attain justice. In Montaigne you will admire solid wisdom and keen satire. The brilliant Duke of La Rochefoucauld will show you how to use language and wit most brilliantly.

If you want to know something about education for your children's sake, read Herbert Spencer's book on "Education," and Rousseau's "Emile." Add to these, if you are industrious, works on education by Froebel and Pestalozzi. But Spencer and Rousseau are enough for the average parent.

To make you think, enable you to judge events of today and think intelligently about the future in the light of the past, read these admirable books:

Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," Lecky's "History of European Morals" and Guizot's "History of Civilization." You will find it difficult to buy the last named, but can get it at a public library.

Such books as these should be read with an encyclopedia at hand and frequently consulted. Never read and pass on without understanding what you have read or knowing about the important characters mentioned. To read books without knowing what you read is like

swallowing food whole, it does no good and causes indigestion.

To learn how to write, try this short course:

"The fables of La Fontaine"—for clear expression of simple thought.

Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the best English prose.

Homer's "Odyssey." It will cure you of any admiration for fancy writing.

Read Dante's "Inferno" and his "Paradise" for magnificent writing, which is different from fancy writing. More power of a certain kind is in Dante than in any of the other writers—except Shakespeare, who possesses more of everything than all the others put together.

Read "Don Quixote," by the wonderful Spaniard, Cervantes. There is the marvel of wit and satire.

Read "Gulliver's Travels," not a peptonized edition rewritten for children, but Swift's own original, and read Goethe's "Faust," the first part at least. Read also Heine's "Reisebilder," although no translation carries all of Heine's genius.

To know something about yourself and your own kind, read the lives of a few, say a dozen or twenty, of the world's important men; for instance, Socrates, Alexander the Great, Aristotle, Caesar, Napoleon, Voltaire, Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci. Read the lives of all the authors mentioned above. Look them up in a first-class encyclopedia, if you have no time to do more.

Above all read Shakespeare regularly. If you read for forty years there are forty Shakespeares waiting for you. The more you know, the more you find in him. His Falstaff is for every age that appreciates wit. His King Lear, written in his late years of bitterness and disappointment, is for the old and the serious. Hamlet is the puzzle and the mental food of every age. His sonnets are the best that the world possesses, as his comedies and tragedies are the best.

There is in Shakespeare mental food for a lifetime. Do not neglect him, whatever else you may neglect. The best brief story of this man who has taught the whole world, and about whom the world knows so little, was written by a Danish Jew, Brandes. Read his "William Shakespeare, a Critical Study."

In books worth reading, which no man can exhaust in one lifetime, you will find happiness, suggestions for the use of power and wealth, if you possess them, consolation in poverty, and strength under all conditions.

To be ignorant is not to be alive, except as the animals live.

And for ignorance there is no necessity, and no excuse except mental dulness.

A college education is not necessary, nothing is necessary except ability to read intelligently and desire to know.

And age makes no difference, except that the untrained mind past forty retains facts with difficulty. But love of knowledge makes up for that.

Among the really learned men of the world the

greatest have learned more after thirty than before thirty. For the *thinking* that you do is the really important part of education, and sound thinking comes after thirty.

If you have not a good education, you can get it at no cost. It is all in the books and inspiration and happiness as well.

Read good books.

Give your children an opportunity in life, if they are brilliant in the ordinary sense of the term, and learn easily; don't *force* them, hold them back.

If they are called "dull," remember *you* made them. They did not make themselves. A child can have only what its father and mother give it; if the child seems to be lacking, let the father and mother blame themselves and try to make up in the child's life for that which was lacking in its birth.

FIVE YEARS' WAR

In five years, this stupid earth spent on war, killing and destroying, more than three hundred thousand *millions* of dollars. If a man spent ten times his yearly revenue in one drunken, murderous debauch, he would have to save and suffer for some time. That is what the world will have to do.

Every Day That the Sun Rises—This World is Better

Each day, for millions of years, the beautiful sun has risen upon this continent, or upon the great waste of waters that covered what is a continent today. Each rising of the sun found the earth better, nearer the perfection that is the earth's destiny. What the sun is to this material planet, education, the sun of knowledge and progress, is to the human mind. Its rising drives away clouds, promises the new, better day.

You do not know this earth or its beauty, unless you have seen the sun rise—often.

The dark night softens and loses power. The stars, soon to be conquered by the great star nearest to us, grow dim as a greater light approaches. Those other stars, each in its distant spot, tell of the work that is done by light and power on endless millions of planets throughout the infinite universe.

Blackness changes to gray that is almost black. The trees become distinct. The birds wake up and with twittering and fluttering prepare for another day.

Toward the east the sky becomes softer, the light of dawn spreads across the fields, and then come the first rays shooting upward against the round surface of our earth to tell that the great sun is coming.

To the eye and the imagination of man nothing is more impressive than that rising sun, increasing imperceptibly, yet with marvelous speed from the faintest beginning of light to the full splendor of brilliant day.

Billions upon billions of times the sun in his rising is reflected in the dewdrops on the leaves, in the spray that the ocean waves throw into the air, in the eyes of waking creatures.

A night that was black and a planet that was asleep are changed into a wonderful day of light and into a wonderful earth of activity and eager labor.

Throughout the ages thousands and hundreds of thousands of centuries, that wonderful sight has been repeated every day—the sun rising and doing his work upon the planet, and setting to continue that work—always rising, always setting, never still, never absent —and every second improving the earth that is given to us.

The sun's heat and light, his bombardment of our planet by imperceptible bodies necessary to our existence, his influence upon our atmosphere and our vegetation have changed the earth from dreadful chaos into the planet that we know and inhabit. And the sun's work continuing through the thousands of centuries ahead of us will make of this planet a beautiful, perfect garden, ready for the perfect civilization that will exist here one day, realizing the dreams of the boldest dreamers, and putting to shame those that dared to set a limit to man's power.

What the sun, great father and giver of light, is to the earth and to man, education, *the sun of knowledge*, is to the mind of man and to his spiritual life.

Truth and knowledge, like the sun, have traveled around this earth through the centuries.

From the east to the west knowledge has gone steadily —a brilliant sun growing in brightness with the years.

Toward the sun of education men turn their faces hopefully, and the hope will not be disappointed.

The sun that lights our planet and the sun of knowledge that brings light to the mind of man both dissipate clouds and drive away darkness.

This planet of ours was a dreadful abode in old days before the sun had done his splendid work. Monsters inhabited it, flying lizards, giant dinosaurs bigger than ten elephants. Fearful swamps and morasses covered it. The air was so heavy, so filled with noxious gases that no creature now living could possibly have breathed on the earth in those days.

Day by day, year by year, century by century, through millions upon millions of years, the sun has worked, and we have a planet now upon which man can live and upon which he has *just begun* the task of arranging for himself a harmonious home worthy of a thinking being.

Education has done for the mind of man what the sun has done for the planet beneath our feet.

Education has driven away the clouds of brutality, superstition, ignorance and hatred—some of them at least. And the clouds that remain grow thinner day by day, and the light through them grows clearer.

Men in the beginning were as barbarous and vile, comparatively, as was the old earth in the day of dinosaurs and pterodactyls.

Read the history of men, especially the history of their religious beliefs—reflecting men's own vices and virtues—and you see a picture almost too dreadful for contemplation.

In history you can look upon men when they were all cannibals—except a few too feeble and timid to kill and eat their fellows.

You can look upon nations calling themselves "civilized" as we call ourselves civilized today, and find those nations believing that they could please their gods by sacrifices of living beings—human beings.

You find the man of power slaughtering helpless slaves and burying them beneath the cornerstone of a new house "to bring good luck and propitiate the evil spirits."

And later you found conditions as vile—infinitely worse, in fact, since they existed side by side with intelligence and knowledge fairly well developed.

You found in Europe in the Middle Ages and later men possessing all the knowledge accumulated by the Greeks and Romans *burning one another alive.*

You found the heads of different religions, each in the name of a Being who had given up His life for the poor, burning, torturing and cursing all that failed to agree with their view—*although they had the same God.*

You could see men burned alive because they discovered new truths, you could see them threatened with death because they had dared to announce that the earth was round. You could find human beings pretending to exercise the powers of God—savages in the African jungle, witch doctors fooling a chief into believing that he had swallowed a little alligator, or

equally preposterous leaders of religion in Europe of various denominations leading rulers to believe that they could give eternal happiness for a financial consideration, or punish with eternal hell and damnation the withholding of that financial consideration.

This was a vile earth, in the savage days before our beautiful sun had begun to put it in order. It is bad enough still with its deserts and swamps, but it shows signs of improvement.

This was a vile earth of ours before the great and beautiful sun of education had begun to put the human mind in order. It is bad enough still, with its prejudices, superstitions, hatreds, wars, its billions for battle, its coldness toward the poor.

But it is a better world than it was; the light is breaking; those that have their faces turned toward the sun of knowledge see the clouds disappearing, know that the full day is coming and hope that it is not far off.

Among those that in the old days made and worshipped the gods of their own manufacture or invention, the most dignified perhaps were the sun worshippers. They worshipped the most beautiful thing within the range of vision.

We no longer worship inanimate objects. And those that are intelligent do not worship any imitation of man, any revengeful, repulsive, torturing and hating creature. We are not sun worshippers, but we are in a mental sense worshippers of the new sun, the sun of

knowledge and education, the sun that will make men equal, that will put light in the dark places, the sun that is destined in the years to come to answer upon this planet that most beautiful prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

PROGRESS

Once when rulers made a treaty, each would sign his name in blood to prove he meant it.

Sentimental young people wrote love letters in blood. Now they use a typewriter.

FOR CHILD BEATERS

You can forgive an army mule driver who says the mule can be controlled only by brutality. But what about parents that say the same of their children and beat them? Beating a child is breaking the mainspring of a watch.

To be *economical* is important, for economy means independence, and the absence of independence means slavery.

Think and *be discontented,* wisely discontented with *yourself,* and you will go as far as it is within you to go.

Are You One of Those That Push the World Along?

The Pushers, poor or rich, that do their share in pushing the world along the path of PROGRESS, are the only men and women worthy of the name.

THERE are only two classes of human beings in the world—the useful and the useless.

To which class do you belong?

The useful class consists of those whose work, besides maintaining themselves, does good to others.

The useless class, large unfortunately, consists of absolute drones that do nothing at all, and relative drones whose work, concentrated exclusively on their own welfare, does no good to anybody else.

While idlers and the selfishly active constitute a large class, it is fortunately a fact that useful workers, the *pushers*, outnumber the others a hundred to one, or more.

In the first place and in the first rank stand the mothers of the country, the great army of patient, unknown, unrewarded workers, whose best years and strength, intelligence and knowledge are devoted to the perfecting of the future generation.

And then come the fathers, millions of men that work regularly and uncomplainingly at humble occupations, denying themselves and saving, that their children may be well dressed, well fed and kept at school.

Many a man in this country could have been great and famous, well supplied with food for his vanity, had he been willing, in seeking greater conspicuousness, to risk temporarily the welfare and comfort of his wife and children. He felt that he had no right to take risks, having bound himself to provide for others, so he kept plodding away, and gave up his opportunity to be among the admired and applauded.

But he is one of the real pushers. Like the soldier in the ranks, he sacrifices his life, without hope of glory or even mention; it is he that really wins the victory for civilization in the end.

Those that do most for Progress, whose life and activities are absolutely essential to it, are the men and the women never heard of; the patient, plodding pushers that sacrifice themselves and live in obscurity for the sake of duty.

All of us, young or old, men or women, are either helping to push along civilization or we are useless drones, basely living on society like the crab in the oyster.

Every one of us has his work to do and can do it if he will.

The old man or woman, past the age of work and of material usefulness, can do great good by the setting of a good example.

A cheerful tone in the aged, an optimistic view of life, kind encouragement for those that need it, very gentle criticism of the faults of youth, can do a very great deal.

The young man who knows enough to respect him-

self, to keep free from gambling, drinking and other destroyers of the future, benefits others as well as himself.

If he has courage to preach as well as practise, his influence is great on those about him. A thousand such young men in their actual lives can do as much good as many clergymen or editors.

Every young woman has a chance to do her share of the work. If she is self-respecting and inspires in the young men who meet her a high ideal of womanhood, she is helping to push along the development of humanity in her little corner of life. Incidentally, she is preparing herself for a wise marriage and that most useful of all work, the addition of really good children to the population.

The man who digs his ditch or lays his brick honestly, making life comfortable and secure for others, is useful and praiseworthy.

The engineer who takes his rushing train and a thousand passengers safely through the night, helping on commerce and the exchange of commodities, making life safe through his punctuality and nervous force, is one of the pushers.

The very successful, the ablest, and many of the richest men are also among the pushers and among the most useful of them.

The senseless denunciation of legitimate wealth is harmful to the country, as well as unjust.

The United States is a nation of great progress. Its growth has merely begun.

We need in this country the ablest minds, the most energetic men. Europe has sent them to us in the past, we have developed and encouraged them here. We must continue to do so.

In these days the highest reward that one man or a body of men can offer to another is apparently a great sum of money.

That great sum of money, at least, is what the able man in America, the powerful pusher, today wants.

If he wants it he should have it, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, and we should be prepared in this country to pay the highest legitimate prices, not only for eight hours of honest manual work each day, but for eight minutes or eight seconds of the inspired work which develops a great idea and involves, perhaps, employment for thousands.

Who would be foolish enough to denounce the large fortune of the man who invented the Bessemer steel process, adding thousands of millions of dollars to the wealth of this country alone?—he was only half paid, no matter how much he got.

And the man who in any direction works to develop the country, to give employment to others, to make new homes, open new territory, devise new industries, is a great benefactor, well worthy of his hire as a laborer in the higher fields. America should be prepared always to encourage him and pay him gladly and ungrudgingly the highest price for the highest *pushing* ability.

If a man uses his brains and his money to build a railroad in a new place, developing agriculture, back-

ing his good judgment with his capital, making an opening for many industries and many homes, that man should be encouraged and rewarded to the full.

He is a very small man who envies the success of the legitimate higher worker. He should rejoice in that success and wish that it might be greater.

The great, heavy ball of progress needs a great deal of pushing, and there is room on its surface for every man, woman and child to push unceasingly.

We should honor the man whose persistent plodding does most of the work in the long run. We should honor also those whose big, individual conceptions have done so much.

Incidentally, each of us ought to question himself and ask himself whether *he* is pushing and doing his little share, or just sitting about and watching others work.

Keep your head clear, with regular sleep, hard thinking, wise living, constant observation.

Start now, young man, ahead of the others, and they will never catch up—if you stick to it.

It is not special brilliancy that makes success, but persistency.

What men *want* to do, they *can* do. They want gold, and they get it, wherever it is. Prove that gold is at the North Pole, 1,000 Pearys will arise, and corpses will mark the road to the new gold fields.

Poverty—the Great Curse

Clutching hands represent the grip of poverty, the grasp in which debt holds you, the powerful curse that keeps men miserable and anxious. Poverty is slavery. Fight it.

YOUNG men, and old men, fight poverty as you would fight slavery. Ask the old and they will tell you that poverty is the great, widespread curse.

Not wealth is necessary to happiness, but freedom from poverty that grinds, poverty that worries, poverty that makes a man the slave of any man who has a dollar —*that* is necessary to happiness.

You have seen pictures of slave-traders rushing through the African forests and poor blacks fleeing before them.

What the slave-catcher was to the black man on the Gold Coast, poverty is to you today.

If you are young, if the dollars slip through your fingers, and you feel that the future will take care of itself—think about it for a while.

The grasping hand of poverty is above every man; every man lives in danger of this powerful clutch unless he has regulated his life with wisdom—and actually lives today in such a way as will make it impossible for poverty's grip to seize him.

The word "mortgage," which means "a death pledge," is a curse upon many homes and many lives.

It makes men, women and children homeless. It turns old age into the streets. It is merciless and cruel as in the old, primitive times, when death itself could be made the penalty for failure to pay the death pledge.

Death in thousands of cases would be more merciful, less painful, than the mortgage against which men fight year after year, paying out interest, struggling, hoping, and at last giving in.

Keep out of poverty—keep out of debt.

The dollar you spend so quickly today, the other dollar tomorrow, and the day after, might mean later independent manhood, power to control your time, direct your career.

Money enough—though it be but ten cents a day more than you spend—means freedom, independence, the right to look any man in the eye as his equal.

And poverty, debt, the spending of ever so little more than you actually have, means slavery now, anxiety, humiliation in the future.

Poverty deprives children of education—and so it means ignorance.

Poverty deprives children of care and good food—and so it means disease.

Poverty takes away men's courage, drives them to despair, makes them seek relief wherever it can be found—and so poverty means drunkenness.

Whenever you find men miserable, poor and underpaid you will find ignorance and drunkenness.

Wherever you better conditions and lift the weight of poverty, drunkenness and ignorance diminish.

Whatever your age, habits, or condition, there are two things you can do—better yourself, or make things worse.

It is absolutely in your power to make your life dignified, independent and satisfied.

However old you may be, or discouraged, it isn't too late to fight against the curse that weighs on millions, the curse of present poverty, and that other curse, almost as great, *dread of poverty* in the future.

It is in your power to be free if you will. Spend less than you make, and you will find that spending less means, in almost every case, earning more.

If a man puts into learning and thinking the hours and vitality formerly devoted to frivolous spending, he will soon find his power to earn increased.

If the majority of men are worried, hard up, living alone from day to day, it is because going in debt is easy and keeping out of it difficult.

Every day temptation comes to spend this and that.

On a certain day everybody must have a new hat, and gets it—he thinks he must spend as much as anybody else does—there goes one chance of saving.

Each man thinks he must dress as well as somebody else does.

A million young fools think they must drink when it is offered them—also that they must buy a drink in their turn, which is idiotic.

Tens of thousands of married men are kept poor because they imagine that they must do as well as somebody else does—too often their wives help them to keep poor.

A few years from now it won't make much difference to you whether you got a new hat on March 1, 1922, or not—but it will make a big difference whether you have a few thousand dollars saved up or a few dozen men trying to collect bills from you.

When you can say truly that you owe no man a dollar, people always like the way you look. They find no fault with your dressing.

All the varnish, fine clothing, new hats, new shoes, can't do you a bit of good when you and everybody else know that you can't afford those things.

It isn't easy to save and be independent. If it were everyone would be independent. But it is possible to keep poverty away.

It is possible to be a free man, afraid of no one, controlled and bossed by nobody.

You can be free if you will. It is in your power to say to yourself: "I may not be rich, but I shall never be poor. I'll earn all that I can in the present, and I'll save so much of every dollar for the days that are to come."

You would have a poor opinion of the savage on the Gold Coast if you found him, when the slave drivers were abroad, thinking of anything except escape from those hunters.

Yet we are all of us here with the slave-hunter of the future among us.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred know what poverty means, but ignore the knowledge.

They know that if they cannot save and begin to get ahead today there is no earthly reason why they should hope to do that at a later day—yet they ignore that knowledge.

What is *the* important thing in education? It is *imagination.* That, to all brain work, is what rain and sunlight are to flowers.

Without imagination everything is barren.

A house without Shakespeare, the Bible, a good dictionary and a good encyclopædia is like a machine shop without tools, or, worse like a restaurant without food.

The Unknown Land

Of all life's tragedies the most cruel is the mother's good-by to a dead child. Simple faith has mercifully softened the blow for so many millions of mothers.

"Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling."

THE great mystery of our brief life is *death.*

History is a long procession of human beings reaching thousands of years back—an endless procession arriving on earth, active, hating, loving, accumulating, striving for a moment, then going back into the earth.

In the sight of Time our lives are as brief as the light that a firefly shows on a Summer night. Each has one spark of life that goes, then *death,* and the mystery of the unknown.

How rarely human beings discuss death, how rarely they think of it, how little the mind dwells upon one great fact that confronts all of us—death and the end, *and darkness.*

A few fear death—cannot bear to think, or talk of it. A great majority forget it, ignore it. Even the old look upon death as a distant, far-off thing, with scarcely any real meaning for them.

Yet death is, in reality, *the only absolute certainty,* "the rest is silence."

Certainly this long sleep, night that ends our earthly

struggle, parting from the body and mysterious departure, may well be discussed often.

A beautiful painting by an English artist, "The Unknown Land," illustrates death in its most tragic, dreadful and cruel form—the taking of a young child from the mother.

Of all suffering, none has equaled that of the mothers that have put their young children into the grave. Millions of mothers go through that agony upon this earth *every year*. Every child's death is a fearful tragedy, a spiritual crucifixion. Only the mother of a child knows what it really is.

When you think of the death of children and the suffering of mothers, the apparent frightful injustice, the cutting off of young lives, tender flowers that have scarcely begun their existence, you appreciate above all the wonderful power of religion, the consolation of *faith*.

A cold-blooded English philosopher, asked what he thought about God and a Creative power, replied, "I have no need of that hypothesis." He was wrong. Nearer to the truth was the saying of the cynical Frenchman: "If there had been no God, it would have been necessary to invent one."

The world would indeed have been a black and dreary place for humanity, and for the mothers whose children are taken from them, but for faith, and the hope that faith gives.

Those that have fed the earth's population have been benefactors of men, and benefactors also those that clothed their fellows, taught them, protected them from

cruelty. But the greatest benefactors have been the spiritual leaders that have given to humanity religion, faith.

"Like sheep they are laid in the grave; Death shall feed on them—and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling."

But that is not the end of the Psalmist's thought, for he says: "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me."

There are in this world all kinds of minds, all sorts of faiths, simple and complex.

There is the man of intellect who realizes that justice *must* rule in a universe so marvelously conducted. There is the simple mind that sees just above the clouds a heaven of solid gold and precious stones. There is faith of some kind in every human being, in the agnostic, even in the atheist. The latter has faith in himself, and has made of himself and of his own intelligence a preposterous god.

Among all different faiths, the most blessed makes the mother feel that the child she lays away is happier than it would have been, that it dwells with the other children of whom it is said, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

The sufferings inflicted upon women in this world would have been too horrible to contemplate, worthy of a fiend blacker than any ever painted, if it were not for faith that tells the mother she will see her child again.

To add to the *knowledge* of men, increase their power of thought and discrimination, is a good thing. To take

away faith, without supplying knowledge and strength of character, is brutality and cruelty. Millions of mothers have actually believed that they could see an angel taking a child to realms of eternal happiness, where the child will wait for the mother to come.

Who would disturb a picture that has consoled millions of mothers?

The great orator, Burke, old, bitter, disappointed, lost a son to whom he was passionately devoted. He expressed the thought of millions when he heard of the boy's death. "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!"

When we realize what death means, life and this world do seem but shadows.

You sit with this publication in your hand, your eye follows the line, and your mind follows the train of thought that comes as you look upon this picture. Everything seems solid and substantial. You take the paper up and put it down. You can move here or there, chop down the tree outside the window, dig a hole in the ground, travel around the earth, talk to your friend at a distance with magic power over the wire—*or without a wire.*

You are one of the rulers of this earth, a power and a reality.

And before the earth shall have turned on its axis many more times, you and the paper and all that you have thought will disappear—and nothing will be left, except what you may have added to the knowledge of human beings.

A man should think of death, in order to stimulate himself to better work, harder work, during the short life that remains.

He should think of death fearlessly, actually *believing* that there is no real death; that the so-called death, making everything else seem unreal, is itself unreal and has no existence.

The body disappears. This solid earth itself will disappear in time, stars and planets that surround us will lose their shape and dissolve like the body which we inhabit.

But the power *back* of the stars, and the power back of the thought in your brain and *that thought itself can never die.* That is the only real thing.

It is interesting to believe, as some do, that death came because the first man and woman sinned. And that we have gone on dying ever since.

It is interesting also to believe that death is inevitable, because our material brain can receive only so many impressions, because the impulse of life with which we begin our careers can last only so long, because death is necessary to wipe out the writings of a lifetime that cover the slate of the mind, and to bring us back here with a clean slate to begin at a new point in human knowledge.

The thoughts of other men and of past ages concerning death are intensely interesting to the serious man, showing as they do the fact that religion itself—as men have created religion—is based upon thought of death and largely upon fear of death.

We all die, and each of us answers differently the question: "What happens after death?"

The red Indian told himself that he went off to a

happy hunting ground to kill and eat fat bears and buffaloes—and to have squaws as usual working for him.

The Mohammedan believes that he goes to a comfortable heaven not unlike his own harem, and that he lives forever like a first-class pig in a first-class sty.

Others of higher religious development cling to a faith worthy of human beings and more nearly worthy of the great Power that rules the universe.

Whatever your belief or unbelief, you must and *do* believe something. Just as surely as the lungs breathe, just so surely does the mind *believe.*

Can you and do you analyze and understand your own beliefs? Does your thought get away from the material happenings of life occasionally and deal with absolute facts that confront us, especially with the interesting, exciting fact that where you stand today there will be nothing in a short time; that the body you inhabit will "like sheep" be laid in the grave? There will be white bones, then only dust—and where will *you* be? Will you be in another world, blissful for eternity, or will you be nothing at all—like a candle that goes out, or will you be back here in another body, continuing as one atom of cosmic consciousness and force humanity's task on this planet?

Whatever you believe, tabulate your beliefs, think over the one great question. Nothing is as exciting as death, nothing as interesting, nothing that promises with such absolute certainty relief from monotony—nothing that ought to cause more pleasant, exciting and hopeful speculation in the mind of a man who realizes that all *must* be well now and hereafter in a universe so marvelously and justly governed.

Keep at Your Work, and it Will Keep You

Keep away from the "let well enough alone" crowd. Old "Well enough" is the general of calamity, disaster and disappointment. There is no such thing as "well enough." No matter how good a thing is, work to make it better.

We hear the *foolish* things very often—and so rarely hear the wise things.

Everybody has heard repeated over and over the foolish saying, "Let well enough alone."

Never be *satisfied* with anything. And don't teach your children to be satisfied—keep their minds free from the dull, discouraging talk about "well enough."

To be satisfied, contented, approving yourself and approving conditions, is a sign of smallness.

Men become great because they are not satisfied, because the more they get of knowledge, wealth or power the more they strive to get.

Columbus was not satisfied with the long sea voyage to India—although others had been satisfied for centuries. And because he was not satisfied Columbus discovered America.

Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, were not satisfied with the fairy stories about a flat earth and all the hosts of heaven revolving around our miserable little planet. And because they were *dissatisfied* they gave us our wonderful knowledge of astronomy and our glimpse into the infinite—the greatest thing that we possess.

The inhabitants of this country in 1776 were not satisfied. The Tories, friends of King George and the English Government, advised the people of the United States to let well enough alone. The Tories reminded American colonists that England would protect them, England would make them great, England would do everything.

But the colonists were not satisfied to be taxed without representation, and because they were dissatisfied this country is a nation instead of being, like Canada, a colony governed from across the sea.

Dissatisfaction is the motive power in individual life, in national life, in commerce, in politics.

Millions of years ago creatures that inhabited the ocean, only living things on this planet, got dissatisfied and crawled up on the land—hideous serpents and lizards—dreadful things to look at they were at first *But, luckily, they were dissatisfied.*

Some of them became birds and learned to fly.

Some developed wings with hooked joints and gave us the bats and all the pterodactyl family. Others developed into mammals, and moved all over the face of the world, and eventually man appeared in his turn to begin his long career.

He appeared because the wisdom of Nature had transplanted dissatisfaction, struggle and ceaseless effort throughout all animal life.

And man from his first day began *his* career of dissatisfaction and struggle. Because he was dissatisfied and because he would never consent to let well enough alone, he struggled through the stone age, and the age

of bronze and the various primitive ages of ignorance, brutality, superstition and cruelty to his present degree of partial civilization.

And because man is and always will be dissatisfied, his growth will continue until he shall develop into a race worthy of this planet, worthy of the wonderful possibilities that the human race inherits.

Never let well enough alone. You might as well be dead as contented. You were put here to work for yourself and for others, and especially for those that are to come after you. The man who is letting well enough alone and not trying to do better might as well be off the earth and give his place to some one willing to work. He does not deserve the noble work done here *by the dissatisfied* before he was born.

Only when man is very old, when his life is practically all behind him, has he the right to rest and think and, having finished his days, look back on the past. And even then, on the last day of his last year, the right kind of man will preach wise dissatisfaction and ambition to the young and go into his grave dissatisfied with himself for not having done better.

We might all be using hieroglyphics now. But dissatisfaction gave us our alphabet, and the written book and then the printed book and shorthand and the typewriter and the phonograph.

We might all be traveling across country, with a backache, on a camel's back like the Queen of Sheba, if we had been satisfied with camels and had not invented

the two-wheeled cart, then the four-wheeled wagon, the stage coach, the steam engine, the express train, the rubber-tired automobile and the flying machine.

Today the Queen of Sheba would call King Solomon up on the telephone, make an appointment for that afternoon and be home in time for dinner—all because the kings and queens and the ordinary people that have followed her were dissatisfied.

She too, was dissatisfied, poor lady. She had heard about Solomon in all his glory and was bound to go and look at him. Probably travel was improved somewhat by her orders when she came home aching all over.

Be dissatisfied with your work especially, for it is what you *do* that counts, not what you think about yourself or what you imagine you will do in future.

Be dissatisfied with your supply of information and try to get more, no matter how much or how little you may have. The libraries are open and the knowledge is in them.

Be dissatisfied with what you do for those that depend upon you or that have a right to depend upon you.

Old Well Enough is a sleepy, harmful, dismal humbug. Don't have him in your neighborhood. *Never let well enough alone—make it better.*

When young men sigh for money and power let them remember that those things are not found on the streets, or in "good luck," but *inside of each person's skull.*

Young Men Shall See Visions—Old Men Shall Dream Dreams

For youth and physical power there are the joys of ambition, of selfish hopes and striving, THE SEEING OF VISIONS. *For all age, after a life well spent, there is the beauty of dreams, planning for others,* UNSELFISH HAPPINESS.

THERE are many periods in the lives of human beings, each with its possibilities of happiness and compensation.

Each period of life is happy, and the life of youth and of age ought to be as far apart as the valley and the mountain peak.

Thomas A. Edison indignantly puts away the suggestion that he should begin to rest in old age, stop the hard work and change his life. He declares that life must be all hard work, the same steady work from the day when the brain begins its maturity to the day when it is put away in the grave.

Edison is wrong. Man is not put here to be fastened to the plough like a beast of burden to pull all his life. There is one life for youth, and another different life for age.

The Bible tells in few and beautiful words the separation of youth and age: "And your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

The life of the young man is his visions, hope of the future, plans of achievement and success *for himself.* From his boyhood he sees visions, follows them to success or defeat.

Then comes old age, when man dreams dreams.

Youth is the age of striving and selfishness; old age the period of dreaming dreams for the young and for the future that age is not to see.

In our civilization the trouble is that all is planned for youth and too little for age.

The man who can lift the load, run swiftly, hit hard and push his fellow down the hill is the man for whom all plans are made. There is little place or honor in the world of today for the old; little heed is paid to their dreams, there is little appreciation of their kindness and unselfishness.

But it will not always be thus. The day will come when youth will listen with respect to the teachings of the old and look with love and reverence upon the unselfishness of the old.

The young man in his full strength, climbing the hill, meeting and overcoming obstacles, adding to the knowledge and possessions of his fellow men, indifferent to pain in the pursuit of his object, is an admirable being animated by a thinking mind.

Far more admirable and beautiful is the old age of peace and kindness. The old man looks upon the grandchild, dreaming dreams for that child's welfare, thinking not of himself, yet deeply and intelligently considering the future in which he is to have no share, guiding and restraining impetuous youth, and wisely stimulating imagination. There is a sight more to be admired than any accomplishment of fiery youth.

So it is with women that have created the human race, borne its burdens and shared so little in its honors.

The young woman in all her beauty and power, with her courage in childbirth and her marvelous capacity

for devotion, is yet not as beautiful or as noble a specimen of our race as the white-haired grandmother, unselfishly devoted to younger people, happy in the memories of youth, serene in the peace of old age, unselfish, benevolent and as far in peace, dignity and beauty above the turmoil and passionate eagerness of youth as is the white cloud above the black soil cut into furrows.

It will be well for the world when human beings realize that they live in one life *many lives.* Then their lives will be divided properly that in each year mind and body may do their best, and give to the Spirit the closest relationship with the universe and the sense of fullest accomplishment.

The trouble is that we put into one age the duties and the feelings of another. Our children are men and women before they have really been children. And the old are cursed with anxiety that should be borne by vigorous youth alone.

There is little honor for the aged, and our civilization lays upon nine-tenths of all human beings such a load of hard labor and selfish struggle that they cannot grow old in dignity.

The visions of youth are clouded by unworthy, selfish, petty ambitions. The dreams of age are made hideous by poverty, anxiety and other evils that old age should never know.

However, a better day is coming quickly. For the first time in the history of this earth there are entire great nations, *all of whom can read and think, if they will.*

Selfishness will die out as thought and intelligence progress. Knowledge is no longer the possession of a few, keeping the majority in ignorance and in want.

Already we see in the old age of our richest, most powerful men signs that point to a better future. The very rich give away their money intelligently, to help human beings on this earth.

In their plans for education, distributing knowledge, combating disease, they dream dreams of a better and happier world. Great fortunes are no longer spent to bribe unseen powers and buy eternal felicity for the individual and not important soul. The rich man of today plans for the happiness of those that he has to leave on this earth. He dreams dreams for the earth dwellers.

Already in an imperfect way we see realization of what we take to be the meaning of that text from the Bible.

A young man starting out, even in our distorted civilization, sees visions of wealth and power for himself. If he has the power he gets wealth, and in his old age dreams of a better world, gives back tens of millions to those from whom he took the money and power that he cannot and would not take beyond the grave.

We hope that Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who, like a hero, has served his fellow men as few have done, will change his mind, and decide at least eight or ten years from now to give up the hard work and devote his

life from seventy years of age onward to the dreaming of dreams, the contemplation of the marvelous universe that lies around us in the vastness of space, the wonderful future possibilities of his home-earth, and the intelligent and wonderful race that will one day inhabit it.

Nobody needs the *whole* world to choose from.

One chance, one opportunity to show what there is in you is plenty.

Don't let an occasional change of mind discourage you, or make you think you lack character.

"Have you something to do tomorrow; do it today." —Benjamin Franklin. Easy to say. It was his ability to take the advice that made him Benjamin Franklin.

Fear dreads the light, and *knowledge* is the only light.

In prohibition territory whiskey has *not* been driven out. Wherever there is prohibition there is whiskey, sold in secret, and whiskey of the most poisonous kind.

Don't be ashamed of your little knowledge.

But *do* be ashamed, if you do not add to it, whenever you can, and especially if you fail to make it useful to your fellow-men.

The Importance of Religion in Man

The Great Napoleon, agnostic and hostile to religion, yet pointed to the stars from the deck of the ship on the way to his last prison, St. Helena, saying: "Say what you please, some one created and controls all that." He said at St. Helena: "There is so much that one does not know, that one cannot explain." Lord Rosebery, in his "Napoleon, the Last Phase," says: "One of the books that Napoleon loved most to read aloud was the Bible—and he was, we are told, a great admirer of St. Paul." This editorial is written by request to be read in a Young Men's Bible Class.

A RELIGION is the one progressive force in this world. Religious feeling gives to man the power that has lifted him above the other animals, and has lifted his eyes from the earth and its selfish interests, to the sky, the stars, and highest abstract speculation.

Of all animals that live and feel and suffer upon this earth, man alone looks upward. The eagle flying in the daytime, the owl at night, look always downward for something to kill and eat—they have power to fly, no power to send their thoughts to the glorious, inspiring sun, or the stars that shine above them.

Man alone through the ages gradually standing erect, has at last fixed his gaze upward, and for a few thousand years in the tens of thousands that he has lived on this earth, his chief interest has been *religious*.

Religion has freed men, during the evolution of religious thought, from brutalities, superstitions, hatred and cruelty.

Religion freed the slaves, abolished infanticide, and gave to the serf the right to own the land on which he worked.

And the power of religion has only begun its work.

In days to come man's true religious feeling and conviction will free children from the torture of poverty, hard work, and all misery, just as the early Christians saved the children from the curse of infanticide by holding the mothers responsible and declaring that no child could go to Heaven that had not been baptised.

Religion in time will give to women their rights, full protection, including the protection from oppressive labor, and realize the teachings of Jesus, who was the first and the greatest of all advocates of the rights and the equality of women.

Religious feeling is as varied in its expression as the races and the individuals that inhabit the earth. And every religious feeling has its value, whether it be the dull mental groping of some negro kneeling before an idol, the vague feeling of Napoleon on the ship that carried him to St. Helena, pointing toward the stars and saying to his companions and his jailers, "All that means something," or the feeling of such a man as John Brown, actually taking seriously the words of Christ, "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren."

There has been no progress on this earth, except progress born of religious feeling—using the word religion as expressing man's duty to his fellows, and especially to the weak and the poor.

Religious feeling and enthusiasm lend power to the brain and develop its faculties. Religion is the highest expression of imagination, and imagination is man's greatest force.

When nations and individuals become indifferent to the highest things, fix their minds exclusively on this earth, its selfish interests and pleasures, they go down and soon are forgotten.

The man living upon this planet, able to look up at the stars and the clouds, whose chief interest is not in the power, the justice and the law that rule throughout the universe, is as much to be pitied, and as low in the intellectual scale as some dog that never looks upward—unless to bark at a cat, or a squirrel in a tree.

Bible classes, organized for young men, are of especial value. It is a pity that they are not more numerous, more largely attended.

A man may begin the study of the Bible in his childhood and read it to the last day of his life, always finding new inspiration, new thought and new meaning.

The most beautiful and powerful writing that has ever been done is in Isaiah.

No man can pretend that he has studied his own language unless he is familiar with the Bible, both the Old and the New Testament.

To those that are unfortunate, the Bible offers consolation that never fails. Millions of mothers condemned to see their children die in infancy have found comfort and strength in Christ's words, "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven."

For those upon whom the troubles and sorrows of the world press heavily, there is more comfort in the Sermon on the Mount than in all the books of philosophy that have ever been written.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit * * *

"Blessed are they that mourn * * *

"Blessed are the meek * * *

"Blessed are the merciful * * *

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you."

The greatest preacher of equality, a believer in the rights of man more powerful and earnest than all the French philosophers, a defender of women and children, one whose heart was always with the sorrowful, was the founder of the Christian religion.

There is comfort for the poor and unhappy and a warning for the rich and those overconfident in their own wisdom, judgment and power in the Bible.

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted and your garments are motheaten.

"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

"Behold the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: And the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter."

If a man appears on this earth with a new idea of kindness, a message of hope for the poor, a plan to take the burden and the sorrow from the backs of the weak, he is mocked and jeered by those that consider themselves wise. It is a good thing for the overconfident who sneer at hope and earnestness to read in

the Bible of the jeers and the insults poured out by those that surrounded Christ dying:

"And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads.

"And saying, 'Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross.'

"Likewise also the chief priests, mocking Him, with the scribes and elders, said:

" 'He saved others; Himself he cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him.

" 'He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now; if He will have Him; for He said, I am the Son of God.'

"The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth."

Every Bible class, and every man and woman in or out of a Bible class, should study that last scene in the earthly life of Christ. The brutality and ignorance of the mob that demanded the freedom of Barabbas, the political agitator, when they might have freed and heard Christ; the journey to the hill outside Jerusalem called Golgotha, meaning "the skull"; the poor women collecting money to buy and give to the condemned a drink that should stupefy them and diminish pain, and the touching picture of Christ, putting the rim of the cup to His lips and refusing to drink, refusing to diminish the sorrow and horrible suffering that He had willingly brought upon Himself for the sake of others.

In all the history of the world there is no picture such as that on Golgotha, the patient, upturned face of the sufferer destined to change the world, the Roman soldiers at the foot of the cross gambling for His scanty

garments, the rabble hooting, the thieves on either side denouncing Him because the miracle they hoped for did not come; the faithful women, Mary Cleopahs, Mary of Magdala, Joanna, wife of Khouza, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, watching patiently until death should come, and give His body back to them.

Many are the wonderful scenes of heroism and self-sacrifice painted in history by men willing to die for the truth. But there is nothing to compare with that one great picture, the crucifixion and the last words of Christ: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Until a man has studied the character of Christ, and the effect of His teachings, no other study is worth while.

Unless a man possesses a deep religious feeling, no other feeling is worth while.

A philosopher, drunk with his own conceit and scientific research, may say of the Divine Being: "I have no need of that hypothesis."

But the boast is false. Every wonder in Nature, and every proof of permanent, unchanging justice and law, demonstrate that there is need of that "hypothesis."

Religious feeling opens the mind, lifts the spirit from the earth, changes man from a selfish animal to a cosmic being in sympathy and in touch with universal life and thought. Pity the man who is the centre of his own universe, and who fails to realize that thought is given us to study and revere the infinite with which religion alone can bring us into contact and spiritual fellowship.

The Desert of Time Wasted

"If only the years would come back again, and bring their chances once more." That is the cry of millions of remorseful, disappointed men. The cry is vain. The hand of time writes and passes on. We cannot call it back. But regret for time wasted can become a power for good in the time that remains. And the time that remains is time enough, if we will only stop the waste and the idle, useless regretting.

Don't Waste Time.

Those three words should be in the mind of every man every day.

They should be repeated over and over in every pulpit, newspaper, public school, in every family group.

Only one thing we have—time. In time we live, and do our work.

And time we waste like spendthrifts, forgetting its value and our small supply.

Wasted time is a great desert, its presiding genius a silent, cold, heartless sphinx of death. On the sands of that desert of wasted time are scattered the bones of failures and the footsteps that led nowhere.

Don't waste your time. Don't waste it in idleness; don't waste it in regretting the time already wasted; don't waste it in dissipation; don't waste it in resolutions a thousand times repeated, never to be carried out.

Don't waste your time. *Use it.* Sleep and work, rest and think.

Save part of the time of yesterday by saving part of the money earned yesterday. Money earned in days past is the *time* of days past.

Save the time of tomorrow by planning to use it carefully, thoroughly and systematically.

The best of us have already wasted time enough for the creating of a dozen reputations, for the doing of ten times as much work as we ever shall do.

Time is wasted that devotes itself to *thought* of time wasted.

Don't waste time. Remember that however much time you may have wasted already, you have *time enough left* if you will use it.

The old man has no excuse for mourning chances that are gone forever. *No chances are gone forever while life and time remain.*

You have seen the rising sun and the setting sun.

They look different to you, but the difference is in your imagination.

The rising sun is the sun of youth, and the setting sun is the sun of age. One is like the other. The rising sun, like the setting sun, gives heat and light to the earth and beauty to the clouds. And no man can tell the difference between a photograph of the sun that is rising and the sun that is setting, or the difference between paintings of the two if the paintings are accurate.

The rising sun seems to us full of hope, life and promise. The clouds that the rising sun paints and illumines seem full of beauty and freshness unknown to the clouds of the later day.

The setting sun seems tired, the farewell rays seem different from the early rays that tell of the coming day.

But the difference is in our *minds.*

In the morning we are fresh, full of ambition and hope, and our eyes see things in one way.

In the evening we are tired, some illusions have gone, and the tired eyes see different colors and different lights.

Actually, sunset and sunrise are the same.

And actually, the beginning and the end of life are the same as regards power and possibility, if we can only see things as they are, not be discouraged, and not deceived by hours and years that have passed.

Your time in the day is as good as ever it was.

The sun's light as the sun goes down is as bright as the light when the sun comes up.

What you could do with your hours forty years ago, you can do in those hours now, *if you will.*

Don't waste time.

If all of your life is ahead of you, plan to use it all, *and begin with the present hour.*

If half of your life is gone, plan to make the remaining half as useful as the whole life would have been without the determination, the incentive and the knowledge of age.

You know when you are wasting time. You *can* stop the waste if you will.

Begin now to save and use your only real possession.

Time slips through your fingers like sand through the fingers of a child on the seashore. Each grain of sand is an hour, and each handful is a year.

What others have done you can do if you will. Time enough is still ahead of you. The last days are as good as the first if you refuse to believe in any difference.

Whether your sun be rising or setting, use the hours of light and opportunity that remain.

Soon the night, the darkness and the cold will come. All the sand of time will have run through your fingers, and your chance in this life will be ended.

"Work, for the night is coming, when man's work is done."

Between hours of reading think steadily. Thinking to reading is like gastric juice to the food. Reading without thought is utterly profitless.

Every man is knocked down at least once. It is getting up that tests a man.

Of all weaknesses, the worst, most dangerous, is *fear*.

It takes a long while for an idea to sink through the human skull.

You Must Do Your Own Climbing

The steps are high and broad, and the climb is a long one—to REAL SUCCESS.

THIS is the country of success; we hear endless talk about it.

Talk varies from simple advice concerning Lincoln, who had only a few books, few chances, but made the best use of them, all the way up to complicated recipes for succeeding, given out by gentlemen of get-rich schemes.

Certain men whom we call successful, meaning that they have *money,* have "succeeded" without industry. They are gamblers, Wall Street geniuses, or others who with tricks have got the better of their fellow men, *but they are not successful.*

Men of the same stamp have succeeded, even without sobriety or honesty.

But even such success as theirs demands certain qualities. They must have, at least temporarily, *self-denial.* They must hold themselves back, husband their resources, keep themselves in hand until they have achieved the end in view.

To tell a young man that he *needs* certain qualities is wasting your time—except as you may direct attention *to the possibility of developing in himself* the essentials of success.

The late Collis P. Huntington, asked to advise a young man, said: "Take ten thousand dollars and go

into the business of raising rubber trees." The young man said: "I have not got ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Huntington said: "Well, go and get it before you come to me for advice."

The great railroad man's attitude is much like that of the *ordinary* adviser of the young. He says, "Be honest, be industrious, be self-denying, be courageous, patient, sober"—but he does not tell him how he *can be* these things.

To make a real success you must have, first of all, *industry*—the faculty for hard work. That quality is greater than all others put together. *And you can cultivate that quality in yourself.*

Map out what you are going to do each day, *and do it.* Never let yourself get into the habit of leaving a thing *unfinished.* It is hard; for some it is almost impossible. But if you *will it,* you can make yourself a hard worker eventually. You must do that—it is the *first* step.

Self-denial is a matter of self-education.

Instead of putting your mind on the question, "How can I amuse myself or dress myself?" say to yourself, *"What can I do without?"*

Self-denial is not important simply because it saves your money—it is especially important because *it saves your time and your vitality.* Sobriety is, of course, a part of self-denial. If you don't smoke excessively or at all, if you don't drink excessively or at all—you save money and you save vitality. If you don't pay foolish attention to dress—only neatness and common sense are necessary to success—you save time and

thought that many put on useless worrying about their personal appearance.

And most important in the line of self-denial perhaps is *to make yourself not worry about what others think of you.* Try to earn the approval of those worth while, and dismiss from your mind the opinion of the crowd that means nothing to you and can do nothing for you. More men waste time and worry on the opinions of others than would make them successful if they could be indifferent to public opinion.

Enthusiasm is one great factor in success. It is important especially *because it helps a man to get a start.*

Unfortunately, enthusiasm is a quality most difficult to cultivate. It is a part of a man's own self, like his dark hair or regular features, or wide shoulders. Yet even enthusiasm *can* be cultivated, and it should be cultivated. Begin by getting out of your mind the critical, complaining, dissatisfied feelings. That is like pulling the weeds out of a field.

If you can get out of your brain foolish feelings of complaint, of mortified vanity, you will be clearing the field for enthusiasm to grow.

Enthusiasm is largely a matter of vitality, health and strength.

Get up in the morning after eight hours' sleep, and you will be enthusiastic—ready to attack any proposition. Get up with five hours' sleep after a night foolishly spent, and you will have no strength for enthusiasm. Cultivate your strength, save it, and train your-

self to look enthusiastically and hopefully at the world, scorning its difficulties.

Honesty has been talked of ever since the writing of the Ten Commandments, and long before. There are many false reputations, and not a few big fortunes, built *on dishonesty.* There are some men who might have been rich if they had been dishonest, but who are poor now. But be sure that *real* success comes only to the honest man, to the man who thinks and works *and treats other men honestly.*

Whatever you do *has got to be done absolutely by the exercise of your own will power: if you deceive yourself, blaming others instead of yourself, you will never get ahead. You must be your own most severe judge.* It is not sufficient to *wish* for success or to *admire* the qualities that make success. You must develop those qualities and use them.

There is one feature of real success about which we shall say little. That is *unselfishness.* It is the greatest, highest quality of all—although the usual talkers on success do not mention it. Unselfishness enters into our modern calculations but little. Yet, any man who would be truly great in his achievements must have for inspiration an unselfish desire to be of use to other men. He may pile up millions, but he will not be one of the world's really great men unless guided by the consciousness that a man's first duty and last duty is to try to make others better off and happier for his having lived on the earth.

Where "the fire of talent smoulders," it usually bursts into flame and shows itself.

Be Grateful to the Power That "Pulls" You

A man believes that he is pulling a big load, when he is simply part of the harness. Another and bigger power is pulling him.

Draw in your mind this picture of a performance at the circus.

A wagon is heavily loaded with twenty human beings. Traces are bound to the loaded wagon and are fastened to the arms of a young man. That man *with only his own strength* could not possibly pull the load.

But in front of the young man stands a carefully trained elephant. For that elephant, able to pull three freight cars, the load is nothing.

The elephant is harnessed, and the traces fastened to his powerful shoulders are united in a soft, carefully cushioned pad at the back of the performer's neck.

When all is ready the partner of the man hitched to the wagon gives the order to the elephant. If the big animal should move too rapidly, if he should fail to start slowly and gently, he might possibly break the performer's neck.

But, intelligent as well as powerful, the big beast leans slowly forward until he has set the wheels of the wagon rolling, then goes along at a slow walk, *pulling the man,* who in *his* turn pulls the wagon.

It may seem almost unbelievable that a man could stand this strain upon the back of his neck, and that

with the muscles of his arms he could pull this heavily loaded wagon, even with the elephant pulling *him*.

But there is no difficulty about it. Any young man of ordinary strength could perform this feat—the principal thing was to have the *idea*, and to realize how fascinating it would be to the public to watch the elephant pulling the man by the neck, and the man pulling a wagon and twenty human beings with his arms.

If at play in a tug-of-war you have pulled against a number of other men, you know that the muscles of the body are capable of *withstanding* a strain much greater than that which they are capable of *exerting*.

For instance, if you have in your nerves and muscles and in the leverage of your body power enough to pull one thousand pounds, you could easily pull, as this man does, several times as much if there were a power ahead of you dragging you on.

The only thing necessary is to have the elephant hitched up in front *to do the pulling*.

Take away the elephant and the harness back of the man's neck, and you would see, apparently, a marvelous thing. You would see one slightly built young man pulling twenty others. If you saw this without seeing the elephant—if the elephant and his harness were made invisible, and you saw this young man walking around drawing such a load—you would believe in miracles or believe that the man had some force above humanity.

Many a man gets the credit for pulling a load that he is not pulling at all.

Many a man seems to be doing something very won-

derful when in reality another man—*another mind,* not visible in the work, but actually at the work—does the heavy pulling.

You may see the salesman, the editor, the floor walker, the engineer, the architect—any kind of a man engaged in any kind of work—apparently doing something wonderful.

Yet he is not doing it all. An unseen power—another man, another brain, perhaps some little man with a small body and a big head, who keeps out of sight—is doing the real work.

Many of us have elephants—big, strong, but unseen—pulling us. We ought at least to be grateful to the elephant—give him a fair chance—since he does the hardest work—and do our part, big or little, in the general performance.

It would be a good thing if many young men working in all departments of activity in America should occasionally feel gratitude toward the big elephant, the big *man,* the one whose power and experience pull them along, and do what they can to encourage him, to deserve his help and the benefit that they get from his pulling.

Every one of us *without exception* is *pulled* along or *pushed* ahead by some force unseen.

It may be the man in the inside office, usually invisible.

It may be the woman at home setting a good example, giving to the man at work the inspiration and the power that no one else could give.

It may be paternal affection, enabling a man to do for a weak child what he could not possibly do for himself.

Very often the power is one that has long disappeared from the earth, a father or a mother whose energy and inspiration persist and do in the life of the son at work what the elephant does in the circus picture.

We are all of us pushed or pulled, all of us indebted to a power above our own and beyond our own.

And we should all at least be grateful, from the small clerk who is made secure, protected in his daily living by a man working himself to death at the head of the firm, to the man of genius, so called, who owes the power that the world admires to a mother unseen and unremembered.

Don't forget the elephant that pulls you; *be grateful.* In this way you can add to your own force, and perhaps in time become the power that shall pull others.

An interesting fact, announced by the Health Board of N. Y. For every inhabitant of New York there is one rat. The rat population of the globe is greater than the human population by far.

A builder of railroads is a builder of civilization. He brings men together, frees them from slavery by making machines do the work.

Thought and Spirit

What we call "thought" is spirit expressed through the brain of man.

A READER asks:

"Do you consider spirit and thought as identical, or is thought the outcome of spirit united with matter?"

Readers will be interested in talking over among themselves the interesting, intelligent question.

Half an hour of intelligent discussion developing individual thought is often better than many hours of reading.

You may have seen Rodin's marble statue called "The Thinker."

Thought and its work include all the achievements of man.

Compare spirit and thought to the genius of the musician and the sound which issues from the musical instrument.

What the instrument is to the musician the brain of man is to the spirit that inspires thought.

However great the musician, his genius must depend for its expression upon the instrument which gives it reality in the physical world, through sound waves produced in the material atmosphere, striking nerves that carry music to the brain.

Give Paderewski a piano out of tune and he can give you only discord and lack of harmony. Or give to Paganini, the greatest violinist that ever lived, a violin out of tune, and in spite of the genius of the musician

you will hear only hideous, disagreeable sounds. The spirit of music must have the *right instruments* for its expression.

The spirit that inspires thought, the spirit of man, must have the *right brain* for its expression.

The more complicated and highly developed the instrument, the more displeasing to the ear is the result when the instrument is out of tune. A violin is infinitely worse than a banjo when both are out of tune, and the banjo worse than the tom-tom of the savage.

Among human beings a highly developed brain out of tune—for instance, the insane ravings of a powerful genius like Nietzsche, with his mind broken down—is infinitely more painful and shocking than in the case of a human being with a mind in comparison feeble and simple.

Our minds are so little accustomed to deal with the abstract, we live so much in the material world, inanimate objects have so much meaning for us that many human beings live and die without ever thinking at all of the spirit, yet *the spirit is the only real thing in the universe.*

And thought is the expression of spirit, working through a more or less imperfect human brain.

Bring yourself to think for some time earnestly of the nature and mysterious power of spirit. There is no thought more inspiring, fascinating, bewildering.

Consider the Falls of Niagara, with their tremendous power, the vast moving machinery, the cities that are lighted, the blazing streets, the moving cars, all due, apparently, to the power in Niagara. Yet not due to

that power in reality so much as to spirit expressed in the thought of man. It was spirit that harnessed Niagara. It was spirit that transferred the power of the Falls to distant cities.

Yet that spirit has neither shape nor weight, size nor color, taste nor smell. You ask a man "What is the spirit?" and he must answer that it is nothing, since it occupies no space, and cannot be seen or felt. And yet he must answer also *that the spirit is everything.* The world only exists as it is because we see it in the eyes of the spirit. The optic nerve takes a picture, sends it to the brain and the spirit sees the picture.

It was spirit acting on the brain of Columbus, and through him upon others, that brought the first ship to America.

It is spirit working and expressing itself through the thought of brains more and more highly developed that has gradually brought man from his low and vile condition of savagery to his present comparative degree of civilization. And that same spirit, working in future ages through brains infinitely superior to any that we can conceive, will establish real harmony on this planet.

Do not say to yourself that this is an abstract discussion, unworthy the attention of serious men. What are *you* but a spirit? You have your hands, your feet, your face, your clothing, your money, your work. But all that is nothing, except for the spirit that lives inside of you, the force which alone is *you.* In your life there is a spirit, *your own,* which hovers above you or dwells within you, or influences you perhaps *from its home trillions of miles away.* You can tell nothing about it.

Yet you *know* that that spirit exists, *and that it is*

you, and that except for that spirit which animates you, picks you up when you fall, inspires you in success and comforts you in failure and misfortune, there would be nothing at all in this life, and you would not be different from one of the stones in the field or one of the dummies that the tailor sets in front of his store.

Compare the spirit and the material world as you see it with the genius that dwells in the brain of a great painter and the works which that painter has to do.

Every statue, painting and church that Michael Angelo created already *existed in his spirit*. But the spirit could not be content with that existence. It had to visualize itself, it had to see itself *created*.

The spirit really lives completely only when it sees itself reflected in the material world.

So it is with all of us on a big or little scale.

All the mother love is in the spirit of woman. But it has complete existence only when the mother holds the child in her arms and sees in reality, in flesh and blood, the being that she loves and has created.

The achievements of the greatest men were all locked up within them from the first, but the spirit of such men can reach full realization only when the spirit, acting through the brain and expressing itself through thought, creates the work.

Every man should think of himself from time to time, not as a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of bone, flesh and muscle, but as the working instrument, on this earth, of an inspiring immortal spirit.

Every one of us should do his best to permit his

spirit to find true expression through good thought and useful action.

We know that all useful work is the result of sound thought. If we realize that thought itself is the expression of the spirit, we are moved by a sense of duty to give to that spirit the best possible expression of which we are capable, the best chance that it can have, dwelling in imperfect bodies and speaking through imperfect minds such as those we possess.

It is an inspiration to realize that men here on earth, gradually improving, becoming less animal and more spiritual as the centuries pass, are destined to develop *in their own physical bodies,* instruments capable of interpreting properly the spirit that animates us.

Human beings improve from generation to generation —that we know. The improvement is due to the affection of fathers and mothers for each other and for their children.

This race of ours one hundred thousand years ago was made up of animal-like creatures, with huge, projecting jaws, enormous teeth, small foreheads and hideously shaped bodies. Gradually through the centuries we have changed, the brute has gradually disappeared, the prognathous face of man has become flatter. The jaw has gone in, the forehead has come out, and in that forehead, gradually, thanks to the devotion and patient labor of women, we are developing a brain that will ultimately give decent and adequate expression to spirit.

To many this question, "Are spirit and thought identical?" may seem uninteresting if not foolish.

But that question would seem infinitely *more* foolish to two pigs dozing in their sty. A pig would say, "What do I care about spirit or about thought? I care about swill and about nice soft mud."

There are some human beings who approach that mental attitude.

But there are, fortunately, many others who will be grateful to the reader who sends the question at the head of this editorial.

Spirit and thought are identical in the sense that the genius of the musician and the sound that you hear when his music is played are identical. In music the sound represents and interprets the musician's spirit. And the interpretation and the accuracy of that interpretation depend upon the orchestra, the violin or the piano. When the instruments are out of tune it is not the genius or the musician, but a misrepresentation that you hear.

And with our human brains, most of them out of tune, most of them incapable of expressing anything but the merest, faintest reflection of true spiritual life, there is as yet very little harmony.

But it will come. There have appeared on this earth a few men and a great many women incapable of a selfish thought, gladly sacrificing everything to duty, giving up their lives readily for the truth or patiently enduring long lives of dulness and sorrow for the sake of others. Through such men and women the spirit has spoken clearly. And in days to come the human race *will be made up of men and women of that kind.*

Through the perfected brain of man, the cosmic spirit, in which each of us is a conscious atom, will speak clearly, and then this earth, our little corner in the universe, will be truly harmonious, governed by the spirit distinctly expressed and instantly obeyed.

Make a man think and he will take care of the devil.

A woman's first thought, always, is for the welfare of children.

DO NOT STARVE CHILDREN

You wouldn't expect a full day's plowing from a horse if it had been starved as a colt. You needn't expect a full day's work from a human being if it has been half starved as a child.

Do Our Souls Come Back and Live in Other Bodies?

The doctrine of reincarnation says "yes." That doctrine would certainly promote charity, human solidarity.

HUNDREDS of millions of human beings believe that after death our souls return here and enter other bodies.

In India, Japan and elsewhere it is thought that the soul of a human being sometimes enters the body of an inferior animal.

Many a religious person in those countries refrains from killing a fly or lizard, lest he should destroy his own great-grandmother.

In this belief of reincarnation a system of rewards and punishments is bound up.

It is thought that wicked men's souls are sent back to inhabit the bodies of low animals—the very wicked man is sent back to inhabit the body of a woman.

For a soul to go through existence in a woman's body is looked upon as a great calamity—and none need wonder at that who is acquainted with life in India, where poor little girls are married at nine, ten, or even younger, where the widows until lately were burned alive when their husbands died, where life is generally made a nightmare for womankind.

There is a great deal of speculation everywhere today as to the destiny of the soul, and the possibility of its coming back to work here in some other body.

Many men among those religiously inclined, and even among clergymen, do not accept literally the Jewish conception of Heaven.

Many are inclined to think that men are put here to do some actual, useful work on earth, and not merely on probation previous to their entrance to an eternal home of solid gold, jaspar, etc.

This writer has no theory to offer in realms where both reason and experience fail.

But the reincarnation theory might produce good results under modified conditions.

In olden days, vicious men used to reform and behave, in their old age, because they were anxious about going to Heaven—worried by disagreeable stories of the other place.

If we could all believe that as soon as we die, or shortly after, our souls come back to inhabit the body of some new-born child, we might take a charitable view of other people's needs, and plan very industriously for the welfare of the next generation.

Many a rich man on his way to the train or boat drives through the slums of a great city and looks, absent-minded or indifferent, at the children in the streets, tired, hot, ill-fed, and uncared for.

He might look differently at those children if he could be made to believe that a few short years would find him a tenant in one of their wasted, underfed bodies.

The rich woman wearing her fine apparel, regardless of the tired hands and the aching eyes that put it together, might interest herself in the sewing girl, if

she thought that a few years would find her back on earth and at work in a stuffy sweat-shop room.

The selfish plutocrat who has built up his millions from public franchises spends a life in which devotion to others has no part, and dies, leaving all to ruin the two or three children that he leaves behind him.

His will might read differently if he believed that his soul, going out the back door of life, through death, would instantly come back through the front door in the body of some baby.

There would be no trouble in getting plenty of fine maternity hospitals for poor women and children if the rich believed in the reincarnation theory—no trouble in getting playgrounds, or comfortable nurseries where working mothers could leave their babies during the day.

If the enormously rich men could be made to believe in reincarnation, they would realize that, as the poor outnumber the rich a hundred to one, so the chances of their being rich in the next existence would be only one in a hundred, and all their plans would change.

The millionaire who now thinks out a fine sarcophagus with a fine mausoleum for himself, and a careful tying up of his fortune to keep it away from the mass of the people, would as a reincarnationist think more of the millions of poor children and less about his own funeral pomp.

The most beautiful of all religions, that which in its spirit will last forever, no matter how far men may progress morally, is the religion preached by Christ

—because it commanded men to devote themselves unselfishly to the welfare of others.

The real Christian needs no selfish urging born of a belief in reincarnation.

He is bound to work for others, to protect poor children, to sympathize with unfortunate women, apart from any personal interest.

But the *real* Christian is not a numerous product of civilization.

There is a great deal of talk about a new religion—new religions of various kinds spring up every year.

If some able man will give a great boom to the theory of reincarnation, making every man believe that a few years will find him in the place of the most unfortunate of mortals, we may get results that the preaching of abstract unselfishness does not always produce.

"History," says Henry Ford, "is bunk." This will startle the ghosts of Gibbon, Michelet, Froude, Buckle, Parton and others who thought they were doing useful works.

Education means to lead or bring out of the child that which is *in* the child.

Ideal education is shown in the kindergarten, where children learn as they sing and play.

Not popular with those in office who dislike to be disturbed, but valuable to the people, is the man who tells the truth, remembering that the official is a hired man, not an autocrat.

"Well, it's Just a Friendly Game"

"We all quit about even, nobody came out ahead."

THEY were coming down in the elevator together, not very early, not very late. They were packed in one corner. It was the hour when the crowd—ordinary, semi-failures—go home from their work.

These were typical, everyday human beings. Their coats were not very warm, not very new, yet fairly respectable.

Their faces were the ordinary kind, not much concentration—"no speculation," as Macbeth says of the ghost of Banquo's eyes in "Macbeth."

They belonged to the class that get along somehow, dodging halfway between poverty and prosperity, just managing to live, while others are going up and making themselves secure.

This was the conversation that the rest of the car overheard:

"Well, what kind of a game do you play?"

"Oh, just a little *friendly* game. We play ten-cent limit a couple of hours every night. It's always the same crowd of us, a good jolly crowd, *all friends.* It's a little ten-cent game, until a little while before we break up, then we have a few twenty-five cent jackpots all around."

"How do you come out; who wins the dough?"

(We quote this conversation verbatim.)

"Oh, *nobody wins* in the long run. One of the boys started in

once to keep track of the game and see who came out ahead, but we found at the end of a few weeks it evened itself up, it was just a case of the boys letting each other hold their money for a while, and then getting it back.''

The man who runs the elevator said, ''Ground floor —all out.''

The two men who spend two hours so charmingly each evening got cut and went their way.

That conversation is so ordinary that it bores you. You have heard the same talk a thousand times.

What is the value of the two or three hours that are spent in the ordinary miscalled ''friendly game''?

In the first place, there *is no friendly gambling.* There is a hypocrisy which calls the gambling ''friendly.'' But those who play know perfectly well that they play with a keen desire *to win.*

The man in the ''friendly game'' spends two hours or more risking the money that his family needs. He has been wasting his own time and his own chances.

We should like to ask the young men who waste their time on ''friendly games'' whether they have ever thought what it is that makes success.

The man who succeeds, to begin with, is he who puts *his vital energy into his work.*

Each man has within himself only a certain *limited amount* of energy. In that respect he is like a dynamo in a power house. If his energy is used up in one way, for instance, in the aimless concentration of a poker game, it cannot be used in another way that might bring real success.

The successful man's attention, vitality and interest are centred on his important, hard work.

The foolish man looking forward to his poker game in the evening, or looking forward to some other kind of useless dissipation, is simply looking forward to *the opportunity of losing and wasting his chance.*

If that young man in the elevator would go to his home, eat his dinner, talk for a short time with one or two friends—not trying to win their money like a drunken Indian on the plains—then read for awhile some book of real value and go to bed, *looking forward with interest to his work of the next day,* as he now looks forward to his poker game, he would be the coming man in his office.

If the recording angel could look down—or up, depending on the earth's position in its revolution—on all the "friendly" poker games in America, he would be able to make a very good and accurate list of the future failures of the United States.

A man who, after early youth, continues to waste his time with cards amounts to little ordinarily. But even the card players, the poor, silly geese of the friendly poker games, *could succeed.*

If the men who play poker or gamble on the races, with waste of time in studying horses, could put into their *work* the real energy that they waste in gambling, *these men would be successful.*

Outside of the lunatic asylums and the homes for idiots, almost every human being has the possibility of *some* success inside of him.

It is not stupendous genius that makes the ordinary

successful man. The men of millions are not men with brains constructed in some unusual way. And the more worthy and decent successful men—those who work unselfishly for others with good results—are not really different from their fellow human beings.

Each of us contains in himself *enough force and energy to make him succeed.*

But the difficulty for each of us is to use his power in the right way.

There is enough energy wasted in poker to make a hundred thousand successful men every year.

The ingenuity foolish young men display in trying to get money to bet on races would make them really successful in starting a business of their own, *if they could use that energy in the right way.*

There is plenty of energy, plenty of desire to succeed, in this world.

But there are too many men like those in the elevator whom we spoke of at the beginning of this article.

There are too many who put the crumbs of their real vitality into their work, and put the whole loaf into their dissipations.

They play cards, they make one day and lose the next. They spend in proportion to their exceptional winnings which keeps them poor. They stint, and often lie and cheat and steal, in proportion to what they lose, which makes them worthless. And in the end the "friendly game" in which they think that they neither win nor lose means that they *lose* absolutely their chance in life, *and cannot possibly win anything.*

Keep away from friendly games, and all gambling

games. Don't try to get something without effort, or without giving something in return.

Remember that the force you throw away in dissipation will make you successful in real work if you will only compel yourself to be a worker. Genius itself—keep that always in mind—is "a capacity for taking infinite pains."

We can't all be geniuses, but we *can* all take infinite pains if we will. And by taking pains we can be fairly successful men, entitled to our own respect and to the respect of others, even though we may not turn out to be geniuses.

No man walks to success on velvet carpet all the way. He is to be pitied who does not know it.

Fate is a big blustering bully, and like all bullies easily conquered if you make up your mind that he shall not conquer you.

Imagination is Power

Develop it, encourage it, ESPECIALLY IN THE YOUNG. It is the chief asset of the human brain.

ONCE more about the power of imagination. Childhood is beautiful and valuable to humanity because it is the period of strongest imagination. The imagination of the child is the forerunner of the *accomplishments* of the man. Happy the child that has for friend an old, sympathetic, encouraging mind, one eager to develop, slow to rebuke or discourage. Fortunate the boy who sees visions, lives in the mind, dreams of a great past and a beautiful future. Such a boy promises honor and reward to the father and mother that have made sacrifices for him.

Like color and perfume in a flower, the fruit of a tree, imagination is the highest, noblest attribute of a human being. It is the quality that sees truths by intuition, that carries the mind flying through space, *the forerunner of all useful, material achievements of human beings.*

Even in our humble animal brothers we feel that delight in the unreal plays its part. We feel that the eagle or the chamois is taken to his lofty peaks by some superior quality of spirit, that the hog, content in his mudhole, represents *absence* of imagination that lifts the living creature above earth and mud. And it is a fact that, as you take imagination from men, you bring them nearer to that dull, wallowing animal in its sty.

Does anyone doubt that imagination, intangible, visionary, without real existence, is the necessary forerunner, *the creator of everything that we have worth while?*

There are hundreds of millions of fertile acres occupied by human beings here in the United States. There are millions of comfortable homes. It is a wonderful nation. What created it? Was it the dull, plodding, unimaginative individual putting one brick upon another, adding one street to another, one dollar to another?

Not at all. This nation, these two continents, north and south, with all their accomplishments, and all their promise, were born *in the imagination of that sailor, Columbus, whose mind and vision broke away from the old routine and planned a new way.*

And our great West—do you suppose that was the work of the dull materialists, the Puritans with their rum for the Indians, their jails for those of different religious belief, their love of money and their ideas of freedom, which quickly took the form of oppression for all others than themselves? No. The West, its mines, mountains, rivers, wealth and homes are due to the imagination of the pioneers, the vision of the old frontiersmen.

What is *greatness?* Find it where you please, select it where you please, you cannot separate it from imagination's creative power.

Three men in the world's literature are great above all others—Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Their greatness is made up of imagination, and nothing else.

The simple tale of the old Greek, the complicated triple vision of the wonderful Italian, the magnificently expressed ambition of the great English poet, are all fabrics of pure imagination. In "The Tempest" Shakespeare gives to Prospero words really intended to describe his own work. How beautifully imaginative those words are, and how well they describe the work that imagination alone can do, in poetry, in music, or in the wonderful works of science itself—

"I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring war: To the dread rattling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout Oak
With his own Bolt: The strong-bas'd Promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The Pine and Cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art."

Readers, old or young, be *workers,* for the daily work is the daily bread, *but be also dreamers, seers of visions, makers of plans, believers in greater possibilities.*

Cling to your *imagination,* to the power of planning and hoping and believing. The man who has lost the power of imagination has lost the power *to do anything new.* That which we call a genius can best be defined as the rare individual combining the actual accomplishments of manhood and experience with the marvelous color and life-giving imagination of the child.

We Long For Immortal Imperfection—We Can't Have It

All our longings for immortality, all our plans for immortal life are based on the hope that Divine Providence will condescend to let us live in another world as we live here.

Each of us wants to be himself in the future life, and to see his friends as he knew them.

We want to preserve individuality forever and ever, when the stars shall have faded away and the days of matter ended.

But what is individuality except imperfection? You are different from Smith, Smith is different from Jones. But it is simply a difference of imperfect construction. One is more foolish than another, one is more irresponsibly moved to laughter or anger—that constitutes his personality.

Remove our imperfections and we should all be alike —smooth off all agglomerations of matter on all sides and everything would be spherical.

What would be the use of keeping so many of us if we were all perfect, and therefore all alike? One talks through his nose, one has a deep voice. But shall kind Providence provide two sets of wings for nose talkers and chest talkers? Why not make the two into one good talker and save one pair of wings?

Why not, in fact, keep just one perfect sample, and let all the rest placidly drift back to nothingness? Or, better, why not take all the goodness that there is in all

the men and women that ever were and melt it all down into one cosmic human being?

The rain drops, the mist and the sprays of Niagara all go back to the ocean in time. Possibly we all go back at the end to the sea of divine wisdom, whence we were sent forth to do, well or badly, our little work down here:

Future punishment? We think not.

One drop of water revives the wounded hero—another helps to give wet feet and consumption to a little child. It all depends on circumstances.

Both drops go back to the ocean. There is no rule that sends the good drop to heaven and the other to boil forever and ever in a sulphur pit.

Troubles beset us when we think of a future state and our reason quarrels always with our longings. We all want—in heaven—to meet Voltaire with his very thin legs. But we cannot believe that those skinny shanks are to be immortal. We shall miss the snuff and the grease on Sam Johnson's collar. If an angel comes up neat and smiling and says "Permit me to introduce myself—I am the great lexicographer," we shall say "Tell that to some other angel. The great Samuel was dirty and wheezy, and I liked him that way."

And children. The idea of children in heaven flying about with their little fluffy wings is fascinating. But would eternal childhood be fair to them? If a babe dies while teething, shall it remain forever toothless?

How shall its mother know it if it is allowed to grow up?

Listen to Heine—that marvelous genius of the Jewish race:

"Yes, yes! You talk of reunion in a transfigured shape. What would that be to me? I knew him in his old brown surtout, and so I would see him again. Thus he sat at table, the salt cellar and pepper caster on either hand. And if the pepper was on the right and the salt on the left hand he shifted them over. I knew him in a brown surtout, and so I would see him again."

Thus he spoke of his dead father. Thus many of us think and speak of those that are gone. How foolish to hope for the preservation of what is imperfect!

How important to have *faith* and to feel that reality will surpass anticipation, and that whatever *is* will be the best thing for us and satisfy us utterly.

The Existence of God—Parable of the Blind Kittens

The notion that small things, the petty details of life, such as money getting, marriage questions, etc., are uppermost in the modern human brain is entirely false.

If an editor asks: "Is marriage a failure?" he receives just so many answers, and then the interest dies out.

If he asks: "Should a wife have pin money?" or "What is the easiest way for a woman to earn a living?" he ceases to receive answers after a short time.

But to questions concerning the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and man's destiny here and hereafter, the answers are endless. Letters on such matters have been received here by thousands. Every day the mail brings new and intelligent contributions to the questions that have kept men praying, thinking, fighting and hoping through the centuries:

"Is there a God, and will my soul live forever?"

Very interesting are the expressions of faith which fill the majority of the letters. Interesting also are the letters of doubters, atheists, agnostics and the many intoxicated with a very little knowledge, who have decided to substitute their own wisdom and doubt for the belief of the ages—the belief in God and in personal immortality.

Many think science has discovered that we could get on very well without a God. But science has done just the contrary. And here, if you please, we shall build up a sort of parable:

A Man had a box full of motherless blind kittens. He was very kind to them. He put their box on wheels and moved it about to keep it in the sun. He gave them milk at regular intervals. With loving kindness he drove away the dog which growled and scared the little kittens into spitting and back-raising.

The kittens trusted the man, loved him and felt that they needed him. That was the age of faith.

One day a dog got a kitten and tore it to pieces.

The kitten had disobeyed orders and laws. It had crawled away from the box.

Another kitten, with one eye now partly open, got thoughtful and said: "There is no such thing as Man. Or, if there is such a thing, he is a monster to let little Willie get torn up. Don't talk to me about Kitten Willie being a sufferer through his own fault. I say there is no such thing as a Man. We kittens are bosses of the universe and must do our own fighting."

That speaker was the Ingersoll kitten.

A kitten of higher mental class opened both eyes just a little and actually made observations.

Said he: "I am a scientist. I discover that we owe nothing to Man's kindness. We are governed by laws. This box is on wheels. It rolls around in the sunlight of its own volition. True, I do not know who shoves it, but no Man could do it. Further, I discover that there is such a thing as the law of 'milk-passing.'

Milk comes this way just so often. Its coming is Nature's law. It has always come. It always will come. Good-night, I am going to sleep. But don't talk to me any more about a kind Man. It's all law, and I am certainly great, for I saw the laws first."

That was the Newton kitten, but he lacked the Newton faith.

We have no time to tell what the Darwin kitten said. He was very long-winded.

But this happened. The kittens grew up—such as did not perish through their own fault. They got their eyes fully opened. They saw the Man, recognized him and asked only to be allowed to stay in his house. "Excuse us," they said, "for being such foolish kittens. But you know our eyes were not quite open."

"Don't mention it," said the kind Man. "Go down cellar and help yourselves to mice."

That's the end of the parable. We are all blind kittens, and our few attempts at explaining nature's wonders and kindness only get us into deeper and deeper mysteries.

We discover that the earth goes round the sun. But the greatest scientist must admit his inability to tell or guess why it goes. "Give me the initial impulse," he says, "and all the rest is easy."

The blind kittens in their wagon say: "Give our wagon just one shove and we'll explain the rest."

The kitten gets hold of a law of "milk-passing" and substitutes that for man's individual kindness.

The feeble-minded agnostic seizes the law of gravi-

tation and thinks he can discard God with gravity's help.

But the great mind that defined gravity's law was a religious mind—too profound to see anything final in its own feeble power.

Newton was no atheist. None better than he knew the mysterious character of his law. That it has worked from all eternity "directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance" he knew and told his fellow-creatures. That is all he knew and all that any man knows about it.

To-day Lord Kelvin, a worthy follower in Newton's steps, is asked to explain *why* gravity acts. He can only say:

"I accept no theory of gravitation. Present science has no right to attempt to explain gravitation. We know nothing about it. We simply know *nothing* about it."

Darwin asks, without answering his question: "Who can explain what is the essence of the attraction of gravitation?"

To our doubting friends we say: Doubt if you must. But doubt intelligently and doubt first of all your own blind kitten wisdom. Remember that *you* at least know absolutely nothing. Study and think. Read. But don't let the half-developed wisdom of others choke your brain and leave you a mere clogged-up machine.

Whatever you do, never interfere with the faith of others. Spread *knowledge*, spread facts. Keep to yourself the doubts that would disturb others' happiness and do them no good. Tell what you *know*. Keep quiet about what you *guess*.

Have the Animals Souls?

"For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth."—Ecclesiastes iii., 19-21.

THE surface of the earth, the air as high as we can study it, the depths of the sea, swarm with animal life.

The earth rolls around the sun bathed in its warm light. Millions of creatures die with every revolution of the little planet which is their home. And man "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it" rules the little animals and the big ones and calls himself sole heir of immortality. He says: "For *me* this earth was made and balanced in its wonderful journey; for *me* alone the marvels of future life are reserved."

He digs up the strange creatures from the slimy depths of the ocean, studies and labels them.

He dissects one animal to study his own diseases. He skins another to cover his feet with leather. He eats one ox and hitches its brother to the plough. He uses nature's explosive forces to bring down the bird on the wing. He sweeps the rivers with his nets.

The stomach of the well-fed man is the graveyard of the animal kingdom.

When his dinner is finished, the man well fed strokes his stomach contentedly and says to himself:

All is well. For I have a soul and they have none. They have died to feed me. I am happy and they should be satisfied.

What is the nature of the spirit that directs our humble animal brothers and sisters? They cover the earth as long as we let them, give place to us as the human race increases, and, without any thought of organized resistance, die that we may live.

Have these animals souls?

You have seen the bird grieving over the destruction of its nest.

You have studied the pathetic eyes of the lost dog, and the sad submission of the tired, beaten horse.

Is there not soul in those stricken creatures, and spiritual feeling deeper than that displayed by many men?

First came all *animal* life, as we know it, and then came *man.*

Science and religion agree on this point, at least.

All owe their being to the same eternal *force.* On this point again religion and science agree.

Is the life in animals merely a passing dream, or does it express in its humble way the promise of life eternal?

In Italy a scientific villain experimented on a dog to ascertain the power of maternal affection.

The dog was most cruelly tortured. Its new-born puppy was beside it. Its nerves were racked, its spine injured, *but whenever permitted to do so, the poor tortured animal mother turned its head toward its whining child and licked it affectionately.*

Until it died there was nothing that could overcome maternal love in the heart of that poor dumb mother.

Is there not soul in such love as that?

Discontent the Motive Power of Progress

At first the baby lies flat on his back, eyes staring up at the ceiling.

By and by he gets tired of lying on his back. *Discontent* with his condition makes him wriggle and wriggle. At last he succeeds in turning over.

If he were contented then, there would be no men on earth—only huge babies. But *discontent* again seizes him, and through discontent he learns to crawl.

Crawling—traveling on hands and knees—satisfied lower forms of animal life. It used to satisfy us, in the old days of early evolutionary stages.

But the human infant—thanks to inborn cravings—is *discontented* with crawling. With much trouble and risk and many feeble totterings, he learns to walk erect. He gets up into a position that takes his eyes off the ground. He is able to look at the sun and stars and takes the position of a man. *Discontent* is his mainspring at every stage.

What discontent does in the limited life of a child, it does on a much larger scale in the life of a man—and on a scale still larger in the life of a race.

You can always tell when a man has reached the limit of his possible development. He ceases to be discontented—or at least to show discontent actively.

Contentment, apathy, are signs of decadence and of a career ended in either a man or a nation.

If a baby lies still, no longer wiggling or trying to swallow his toe, you may be sure that he is seriously ill. The nation that no longer wiggles is in a condition as serious as that of the motionless infant.

The man or newspaper which imparts dissatisfaction —wise discontent to a nation or to individuals, gives them the motive power that brings improvement.

Ruskin as a young man declared that his one hope in life was to arouse "some dissatisfaction."

The constant aim of men in talking to each other, in writing for newspapers, even in writing novels, should be to arouse discontent.

In these columns, as our readers will have noticed, the constant aim is to make the great crowd dissatisfied.

Only through discontent can changes come—and are there not causes enough for discontent and need enough for changes?

A majority of the people half educated, and tens of thousands half fed.

Children run over daily because they have no playground but the gutter.

Men of noble aspirations kept down by hard work and poverty.

Children left locked up alone all day while their mothers work for a pittance.

Men, uncertain of their future and of their children's future, engage in a constant struggle for wealth that is not needed—a struggle that develops in the end a passion as useless as it is degrading.

Unless you believe that the world is perfect because

you happen to have enough to eat and to wear, you should be discontented.

You should remember that the world's achievements and great changes have all come from discontent, and you should be, in as many ways as possible, a breeder of discontent among the human beings around you.

CLEAN FACE—CLEAN SIDEWALK

The Supreme Court, we are told, decided that a man is not compelled to clean his sidewalk.

The Supreme Court couldn't compel you to wash your face, still you wash it out of respect for your neighbors and yourself.

The same thing ought to apply to your sidewalk.

The "Criminal" Class

Did this view of it ever occur to you?

Much interest just now in *criminals.*

Much horror aroused by depravity.

Many plans more or less appropriate for making the air pure.

Many good men, politicians, women and bishops, who spent the summer at the seaside willing now to spend a few days wiping *"crime"* off the earth.

What is *crime?* Who are the *criminals?* Who makes the criminals?

Do criminals viciously and voluntarily arise among us, eager to lead hunted lives, eager to be jailed at intervals, eager to crawl in the dark, dodge policemen, work in stripes and die in shame? Hardly.

Will you kindly and patiently follow the lives, quickly sketched, of a boy and girl?

THE GIRL

Born poor, born in hard luck, her father, or mother, or both, victims of long hours, poor fare, bad air and little leisure.

As a baby she struggles against fate and manages to live while three or four little brothers and sisters die and go back to kind earth.

She crawls around the halls of a tenement, a good deal in the way. She is hunted here and chased there.

She is cold in Winter, ill-fed in Summer, never well cared for.

She gets a little so-called education. Ill-dressed and ashamed beside the other children, she is glad to escape the education. No one at home can help her on. No one away from home cares about her.

She grows up white, sickly, like a potato sprouting in a cellar. At the corner of a fine street she sees the carriages passing with other girls in warm furs, or in fine, cool Summer dresses.

With a poor shawl around her and with heels run down she peers in at the restaurant window, to see other women leading lives very different from hers.

Steadily she has impressed upon her the fact, absolutely undeniable, that as the world is organized there is no especial place for her—certainly no comfort for her.

She finds work, perhaps. Hours as long as the daylight.

Ten minutes late—half a day's fine.

At the end of the day aching feet, aching back, system ill-fed, not enough earned to live upon honestly—and that prospect stretches ahead farther than her poor eyes can see.

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Disorderly conduct, Your Honor."

There's the criminal, good men, politicians, women and bishops, that you are hunting so ardently.

THE BOY

Same story, practically.

He plays on the tenement staircase—cuffed off the staircase.

He plays ball in the street—cuffed, if caught by the policeman.

He swings on the area railing, trying to exercise his stunted muscles—cuffed again.

In burning July, with shirt and trousers on, he goes swimming in the park fountain—caught and cuffed and handed over to "the society."

A few months in a sort of semi-decent imprisonment, treated in a fashion about equivalent to that endured by the sea turtle turned over on its back in the market.

He escapes to begin the same life once more.

He tries for work.

"What do you know?"

"I don't know anything; nobody ever taught me."

He cannot even endure the discipline of ten hours' daily shovelling—it takes education to instil discipline, if only the education of the early pick and shovel.

He has not been taught anything. He has been turned loose in a city full of temptation. He had no real start to begin with, and no effort was ever made to repair his evil beginning.

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Attempted burglary; pleads guilty."

"Three years in prison, since it is his first offence."

In prison he gets an education. They teach him how to be a good burglar and not get caught. Patiently the State boards him, and educates him to be a first-rate criminal.

There's your first-rate criminal, Messrs. bishops, good men, politicians and benevolent women.

Dear bishops, noble women, good men and scheming politicians, listen to this story:

In the South Sea Islands they have for contagious diseases a horror as great as your horror of crime.

A man or woman stricken with a loathsome disease, such as smallpox, is seized, isolated, and the individual sores of the smallpox patient are earnestly scraped with sea shells—until the patient dies. It hurts the patient a good deal—without ever curing, of course—but it relieves the feelings of the outraged good ones who wield the sea shells.

You kind-hearted creatures, hunting "crime" in great cities, are like the South Sea Islanders in their treatment of smallpox.

You ardently wield your reforming sea shells and you scrape very earnestly at the sores so well developed.

No desire here to decry your earnest efforts.

But if you ever get tired of scraping with sea shells, try vaccination, or, better still, try to take such care of youth, to give such chances and education to the young, as will save them from the least profitable of all careers—*crime*.

Rich good men, nice bishops, comfortable, benevolent ladies—every man and woman on Blackwell's Island, every wretched creature living near a "red light," would gladly change places with any of you.

Scrape away with your sea shells, but try also to give a few more and a few better chances in youth to

those whom you now hunt as criminals in their mature years.

God creates boys and girls, anxious to live decently. *Your social system* makes criminals and fills jails.

Shakespeare, describing the circulation of the blood before Harvey had announced it, Dante describing the Southern Cross before any printed book spoke of it, and showing his real understanding of the law of gravitation before Newton's formula, are examples of what the brain of genius can do.

Your brain in fever jumps, leaps, and flies, all for nothing. The brain of genius at a normal temperature has all the freedom, power, and lightness of the fevered brain—plus control and direction.

Who is Independent? Nobody

We all have our moments of imagining ourselves *independent* characters. We take pride in our independence and are never as foolish as when trying to prove how independent we are.

Every man, to begin with, is born absolutely at the mercy of his ancestry. You have not a thing in you, and you never will have a thing in you, that you did not inherit from some one of the thousands and thousands of ancestors, all of whom are dimly stored away in your complex make-up.

You may develop marvelously the faculties which they gave you.

But you *are dependent* on those who brought you into the world, and upon those back of them.

The Kaffir, sober, industrious, honest, with all the virtues rolled up within him, has not a fragment of one chance in ten thousand billions of equalling the achievements of a tenth-rate white man whose ancestral start was better.

After birth you start with dependence on your ancestors, and after youth you are dependent on your education.

Facts are your tools, and you can't work without them.

If your mind has the right formation, if your brain is provided with the deep convolutions, and good luck has supplied you with a good education in youth, the

whole thing is dependent on your health—on your liver, your stomach, or some other part of your internal machinery.

Very often your success is dependent on your temper and tact. These depend on your digestion. Digestion, of course, depends on your cook, and the cook's attention to business may depend on the politeness of the policeman in front of the house.

You may *feel* absolutely independent and *think* you are independent, when as a matter of fact you are miserably dependent on the mood of the policeman who has snubbed the lady who cooks your food.

How Marriage Began

Haphazard reflections on grave topics.

At stated times we mortals have stated visitations.

One day it is the grippe, next day the financial problem.

Just now it is the marriage and divorce question, with much learned expounding by the good and the pure, such as bishops and members of Sorosis.

What is marriage? How did it begin? Whence does it come?

Why is it a feature of human life wherever that life is found.

You must begin with such questions. Always study beginnings. Nothing can be learned by taking hold of a thing in the middle and examining its imperfections.

The first priest to join man and woman together was no benign being with lawn sleeves and soul-stirring words.

Marriage was brought about on this earth by the will and wisdom of God Almighty working through primitive babyhood.

In the old days, when the world was cruder, men and women ran wild through forests and swamps. They fought nature, fought each other, as savage as other beasts around them. There was no love; there was no marriage. The instincts of self-preservation and of reproduction worked alone to keep the race here through its hard childhood.

But in cold stone caves or in rough nests under fallen tree trunks savage children were born and nursed by their savage mothers with savage affection.

Through those infants of the stone age, or of ages much earlier, marriage and pure affection came into the world.

It is not hard to reproduce in our minds the picture of the first marriage.

A savage woman, half human, half ape, with rough, matted locks hanging round her face, sits holding her new-born baby, protecting it from wind and cold.

It is a queer baby, covered perhaps with reddish hair, its brow no higher than a rat's. Its jaw protrudes; its tiny, grimy hands clutch with monkey power all things within reach.

Along comes the father, full of plans to kill a mammoth or a cave bear; interested in his stone-tipped club, but caring nothing for the mother, who has been for some time only a whining nuisance.

He stops for a second to look at the small creature which he has added to earth's animal life.

Its misshapen skull, ferret eyes, miniature shoulders —something about it reminds him of his royal self, as studied in the pool. He stoops to look closer. His bristly hairs are grabbed, and a weird, insane, toothless grin lights up the little monkey face.

Then the savage takes a new view of life; there the marriage institution and the marriage problem are born simultaneously.

Says the mammoth hunter, with whistling words and hoarse throat sounds half articulated:

"I like this baby. He's like me. Let me hold him. Don't you go out with him looking for food, and don't

leave him alone while I'm gone. I've got a bear located. No one can beat me killing bears. I'll bring the bear's heart to you this evening. You can give this baby some of the blood. It will do him good. Don't have anything to say to that mammoth hunter in the next swamp. I want you to stick to me. I'll look after you. I have taken a fancy to that baby. He looks very much like me."

Off goes the father, and that savage mother, in a primitive way, is a wife. Hereafter she is to be cared for. Bears will be killed for her, even while she has children to keep her busy and unattractive. Society takes a new turn and the red-haired baby has done it.

To childhood, helpless and beautiful, we owe marriage and all that growth of morality which is gradually making us really civilized.

The basis of all real growth is altruism; and altruism, the inclination to think more of others than of yourself, came into the world through the cradle.

We owe such civilization as we have acquired to children.

"A softened pressure of an uncouth hand, a human gleam in an almost animal eye, an endearment in an inarticulate voice—feeble things enough. Yet in these faint awakenings lay the hope of the human race."

The influence of childhood has transformed mere animal attraction into unselfish affection. It has substituted family life for savage life. The interests of childhood demand that marriage and its responsibilities be held sacred.

Duty to future generations demands that divorce be made difficult and considered a misfortune.

Marriage, brought into the world through the influence of children, should be dissolved only with due regard for the interests of children.

An unhappy marriage is earth's worst affliction. Quite true. But it is not affliction wasted.

Examples are needed to warn the young against the matrimonial recklessness which underlies most unhappy marriages.

Unhappy wives and husbands are human lighthouses —lonely, but useful.

If a gentle little Alderney calf should marry a sleek young zebra and afterward get kicked to death for her pains, we should all sympathize with her. But we should expect other mild-eyed Alderneys after that to beware of zebras.

As a matter of fact, this present divorce talk, which sets the good to fluttering, really interests a very unimportant class.

The man who spends his life spending what he didn't earn, feeding his physical senses, who goes from rum to the races, from races to the opera, and from the opera to roulette, wears out his nervous sensations.

He then thinks that he is unhappily married. He has possibly driven his wife to being seven kinds of a fool.

But that is not her fault.

A man who marries a woman undertakes to make her happy and keep her busy. If he keeps his contract, she will keep hers.

If he fails, he has no right to experiment on another

unfortunate. The divorce class is a self-indulgent, malformed class, not worth notice.

Professor Cope, an earnest man and serious thinker, believed that marriages should be contracted on probation—say for five years, with the right on both sides to refuse a renewal.

Theoretically, this would be beautiful. It would make courtship permanent, abolish curl-papered wives in the morning, and tipsy, bragging husbands at night.

But it wouldn't work. It would be all right for women. They are only too willing to be faithful and permanent.

But men cannot be trusted. The animal in them, so essential long ago, when the race was struggling for a foothold, has not been obliterated. They have got to be *made* responsible and *held* responsible.

As a matter of fact, there really is no marriage or divorce problem which sensible beings need consider.

At present men are not good enough to be trusted with liberal marriage or divorce laws. When they are good enough the laws will not be wanted. For the man fully developed and fully moral will know what he is doing when he goes into a marriage contract. His stability of character will insure permanency. There will be no need of laws.

At one time the English laws regulated the conditions under which a man might beat his wife. "The stick," said the law, "must not be thicker than the husband's thumb."

Some Englishmen have very thick thumbs, and the law was doubtless hard on some thin, worn-out women.

But that law is no longer needed.

Men have outgrown the need of regulation in wife-beating. In time they will outgrow the need of laws regarding infidelity and lack of self-respect.

GENIUS A FEVER

What do you think of this definition of genius? It is fever, without disease. With every man, in fever the brain works marvelously, constantly, without apparent effort—but not usefully.

The brain of genius receives, under ordinary conditions, the stimulus that the ordinary man gets from fever. Genius has fever without heat, or illness—as the firefly produces light without heat, thus mystifying science.

Man's Willingness to Work

WHAT a fortunate thing it is that men want to work and like to live! Suppose for a moment that the out-of-work, hungry, unlucky creatures, numbering one hundred thousand in New York City, should suddenly change their character.

It is a harmless supposition, as it implies that a great body of good, though unlucky, men should be suddenly metamorphosed. But suppose, for instance, that one hundred thousand men should have a meeting and say:

"The State provides food, lodging and good care for every thief. It does not provide anything for us. Let us therefore accept the situation like philosophers and become thieves."

Suppose the hundred thousand men thereupon, very quietly, without any show of violence, should each proceed to steal something and then announce the intention to accept the consequence by pleading guilty. It would embarrass the State and the reigning powers, would it not?

What could society do with a hundred thousand self-confessed thieves to take care of? It could not lock them up. It could not let them go. It could not nominally sentence them and have the Governor pardon them, because the hundred thousand would then proceed to steal something else.

What could be done? Nothing. There is no punishment save imprisonment for theft, and the wholesale thieves would ask for and demand imprisonment with the usual rations.

We think society is well balanced and that everything is ingeniously provided for.

So it is; but everything hinges on the extraordinary fact that the hungry, thin, common, shiftless, luckless man at the very bottom is still a *man*. He will not be a thief, and he will die of hunger and cold, as poor fellows do almost every winter day, rather than take the food that society guarantees to the thief.

We attribute much to our own wisdom and the wisdom of our laws. But we owe almost everything to the instinct of self-preservation and to that second, very peculiar, instinct called pride.

PLAGUE—POVERTY—SAME THING

In Asiatic countries when you try to cure a plague of the body, ignorant people at the bottom resent it, attack you and say you lack respect for law.

In civilized countries like our own, when you try to cure the plague of poverty, ignorance at the top attacks you, says that you are interfering with what always has been, always will be, and *should* be, and that you show lack of respect for the law.

The Three Best Things in the World

If you had choice of all qualities which man can possess, which three would you declare most important?

This question is submitted as interesting every man. We give our answer; if yours is different, let us hear.

Self-control.
Justice.
Imagination.

Those we think the most important elements in the human character. A man fully and evenly equipped with all three would be greater than any the world has known.

Self-control you must start with.

It makes life worth while. It frees you from the danger of remorse, the wasted time of self-reproach. It sees opportunities as they come; saves you from damaging temptation. It is as important to a brain as is physical equilibrium to a work of masonry.

A man without self-control, a building out of plumb, cannot endure.

Justice.

It is the foundation of all reputation worth the having. It is to man as necessary as the compass to a ship. It *is* the compass. Justice will give reputation for greatness though you create nothing great. It will

win affectionate reverence in life and a gratifying gravestone at life's end.

Imagination.

Greatest gift to man. It finds him grovelling here a pithecoid littleness.

The rough hair is gone from his body. His thumb has lost its monkey smallness; he walks flat on his feet.

But beyond that he has naught else to thank material nature for.

All the rest comes to him from imagination. Marvelous work she performs. She takes naked man with his low forehead, with his gruntings and whistlings through his teeth, and makes of him what man was meant to be.

Very slowly she works, but ceaselessly. Her task is not nearly ended. At her first glimmerings man's real life begins. He learns from her to add wood to a fire. No monkey ever did it. That stamps him a man.

Soon, with her help, he leaves the earth and travels off ten thousand million miles into space. He counts the suns in the Milky Way; travels in the air, under the water; harnesses lightning, controls nature. By *imagination* he is made *captain* of this earthen ship on which he travels through space.

Imagination separates Archimedes, working at his problems in the sunlight, from the vile soldier that slaughtered him.

Shakespeare rattling his ale pot and Johanna, the ape, shaking her bars at the Zoo are alike, save for difference of imagination.

Self-control to balance you.
Justice to guide you.
Imagination to lend creative power.
"Equilibrium, Direction, Creation."
The *Trinity* ardently to be desired.

Long ago Plato announced that apparent differences are deceptive; that all things existing come from one casting—the mind of God—which he names "*idea.*"

Similarly today the solemn-thinking German tells you that matter and force are identical, that the interchangeable character of forces—heat, light, magnetism, etc.—is part of the a, b, c of proved phenomena.

Haeckel stops digging up old bones and classifying sea miscroscopic organisms long enough to write "Monism," expressing his belief that God is anything and everything from Orion to a tumblebug.

It is quite easy to show that the selected three—*self-control, justice* and *imagination*—are in reality one. Each exists as part of the others. Each is made up of the other two.

But these talks are not devoted to any save simple things.

The question is this, once more:

What are man's three most useful qualities—which three would you possess?

Do not call this question idle or believe that we cannot change ourselves. We *can.*

Napoleon said: "Never believe that a man ever changed his temperament."

But Napoleon often said what was foolish.

It ought to delight you to know that you can change yourself if you want to, as you can change the arrangement of your back parlor.

Try it. It is hard work, but good exercise.

SALESMANSHIP AND OWNERSHIP

Salesmanship is education. As you sell goods, you study character, you fit yourself to be the head of a business.

The employe who carelessly neglects his work thinks that he is cheating his employer. He is cheating himself.

Young salesmen and saleswomen, work now as though *you* owned the store. This is the only road to ownership.

WHISKEY DIED—? ?

Whiskey died officially September 8, 1917, at 11 o'clock.

Whiskey has as many lives as a cat, and there are as many kinds of whiskey as kinds of cat—all unfit for human food.

The Value of Solitude

We inflict a piece of advice upon our readers. It is intended especially for the young, who have still to get their growth, whose characters and possibilities are forming.

Get away from the crowd when you can. Keep yourself to yourself, if only for a few hours daily.

Full individual growth, special development, rounded mental operations—all these demand room, separation from others, solitude, self-examination and the self-reliance which solitude gives.

The finest tree stands off by itself in the open plain. Its branches spread wide. It is a complete tree, better than the cramped tree in the crowded forest.

The animal to be admired is not that which runs in herds, the gentle browsing deer or foolish sheep thinking only as a fraction of the flock, incapable of personal independent direction. It's the lonely prowling lion or the big black leopard with the whole world for his private field that is worth looking at.

The man who grows up in a herd, deer-like, thinking with the herd, acting with the herd, rarely amounts to anything.

Do you want to succeed? Grow in solitude, work, develop in solitude, with books and thoughts and Nature for friends. Then, if you want the crowd to see how

fine you are, come back to it and boss it if it will let you.

Constant craving for indiscriminate company is a sure sign of mental weakness.

Schopenhauer—a sour genius, *but* a genius—speaks contemptuously of the negroes herded in small rooms unable to get "enough of one another's snub-nose company."

If you enter a village or small town and want to find the man or youth of ability, do you look for him leaning over the village pool table, sitting on the grocery store boxes, lounging in the smelly tavern with other vacant minds?

Certainly not. You find him at work, and you find him by himself.

Think how public institutions dwarf the brains and souls of unhappy children condemned to live in them. No chance there for individual, separate development. Millions of children have grown up in such places, millions of sad nonentities.

Here is what Goethe says:

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, doch ein Charakter in dem Strome der Welt." (Talent is developed in solitude, character in the rush of the world.)

You wonder why so much ability comes from the country—why a Lincoln comes from the backwoods while you, flourishing in a great city, can barely keep your place as a typewriter.

The countryman has *got* to be by himself much of the time whether he wishes to or not. If he has anything in him it comes out.

Astronomy, man's grandest study, grew up among the shepherds. You of the cities never even see the stars, much less study them.

Don't be a sheep or a deer. Don't devote your hours to the company and conversation of those who know as little as you do. Don't think hard only when you are trying to remember a popular song or to decide on the color of your Winter overcoat or necktie.

Remember that you are an individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Don't be a sheep; be a man. It has taken nature a hundred million years to produce you. Don't make her sorry she took the time.

Get out in the park and walk and think. Get up in your hall bedroom, read, study, write what you think. Talk more to yourself and less to others. Avoid magazines, avoid excessive newspaper reading.

There is not a man of average ability but could make a striking career if he could but *will* to do the best that is in him.

Proofs of growth due to solitude are endless. Milton's greatest work was done when blindness, old age and the death of the Puritan government forced him into completest seclusion. Beethoven did his best work in the solitudes of deafness.

Bacon would never have been the great leader of scientific thought had not his trial and disgrace forced

him from the company of a grand retinue and stupid court to the solitude of his own brain.

"Multum insola fuit anima mea." (My spirit hath been much alone.) This he said often, and lucky it was for him. Loneliness of spirit made him.

Get a little of it for yourself.

Drop your club, your street corner, your gossipy boarding-house table. Drop your sheep life and try being a man.

It may improve you.

SAVE MONEY

Save money, put it at compound interest for your children's sake. A statement has been prepared showing what $1 might have meant to Methuselah had the dollar been invested at 6 per cent, compound, when Methuselah was twenty-one. When Methuselah died, aged 969, the single dollar would have grown to more than 977 sextillions of dollars, a sum shown in twenty-four figures.

The Value of Poverty to the World

Ask your friend what he would do if he had a million?

A MAJORITY of men long for a great deal of money.

Each man will tell you that he is struggling along in uncongenial employment; that if he had his way his life would be arranged very differently.

Put to any friend this question:

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

You will learn that, first of all, he would get rid of the useful daily plodding that occupies him. Instead of living to work he would live to enjoy himself.

A majority of men are usefully employed because they must work to live.

If we all had our way we should do as we choose, and there would be no progress. Fortunately, the wisdom of Providence keeps the great majority of men poor and usefully busy.

This writer asked an able business man, who manages the material success of a great newspaper, what he would do if he had a million dollars. He replied without hesitation: "I would go abroad and spend the rest of my life collecting artistic things and enjoying them."

By his newspaper work, which helps to disseminate truth and to fight privilege, this man renders the greatest possible service to the world. He is head of the commissariat department of an army of righteousness.

How fortunate that he cannot abandon his useful work to collect artistic trash that would only make him useless and enrich a few unscrupulous dealers.

Joseph Jefferson as an actor has done great good for the world. He filled hundreds of thousands of young and old hearts with kindly sympathy. He set a good example to all the actors of the world. He was truly a public benefactor.

If Joseph Jefferson had had a great fortune he would have spent his life painting pictures, for he believed that he was meant to be a painter.

He was not meant to be a painter; if his life had been devoted to painting it would have been wasted.

How lucky that he was not rich enough to be able to waste his life!

Often the world marvels that the sons of great and successful men accomplish so little.

The world is foolish. It should marvel that the sons of the rich accomplish anything at all.

For genius has truly been called the capacity to take infinite pains. It is the splendid fruit that grows on the tree of *hard work.*

Infinite pains and hard work are distasteful to human beings. They are avoided by those who can avoid them. It is lucky for the world that the number of those who can shirk is limited.

Dryden tells you in four lines what the actual man would amount to if he had his way.

"My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood."

Every man who could afford it would live for himself, to indulge some useless little tenth-rate part of his brain activity.

The world progresses because the wisdom of the universe compels every man to work directly or indirectly for every other man.

If we had our way, if hard necessity did not compel us to do the disagreeable work for which we are fitted, we should all live for ourselves; we should all be mere human sponges, absorbing personal gratification—the progress of the human race would stop.

Let this fact console you when you contemplate with bitterness the few who accumulate great fortunes.

You are a disappointed drop in a great ocean of useful human beings. The interest of the whole ocean demands that you and the vast majority of all other drops should fail to get what you crave—

The opportunity to be useless.

PLAIN LIVING

Goodness, normal, plain living pay best in the long run.

The real pleasures are simple pleasures, within the reach of simple people.

Those Who Laugh at a Drunken Man

How often have you seen a drunken man stagger along the street!

His clothes are soiled from falling, his face is bruised, his eyes are dull. Sometimes he curses the boys that tease him. Sometimes he tries to smile, in a drunken effort to placate pitiless, childish cruelty.

His body, worn out, can stand no more, and he mumbles that he is *going home.*

The children persecute him, throw things at him, laugh at him, running ahead of him.

Grown men and women, too, often laugh with the children, nudge each other, and actually find humor in the sight of a human being sunk below the lowest animal.

The sight of a drunken man going home should make every other man and woman sad and sympathetic, and, horrible as the sight is, it should be useful, by inspiring, in those who see it, a determination to avoid and to help others avoid that man's fate.

That reeling drunkard is *going home.*

He is going home to children who are afraid of him, to a wife whose life he has made miserable.

He is going home, taking with him the worst curse in the world—to suffer bitter remorse himself after having inflicted suffering on those whom he should protect.

And as he goes home men and women, knowing what the home-coming means, laugh at him and enjoy the sight.

In the old days in the arena it occasionally happened that brothers were set to fight each other. When they refused to fight they were forced to it by red-hot irons applied to their backs.

We have progressed beyond the moral condition of human beings guilty of such brutality as that. But we cannot call ourselves civilized while our imaginations and sympathies are so dull that the reeling drunkard is thought an amusing spectacle.

THOUGHT AND GOLD

One single thought can be worth more than all the gold mines of the world put together.

All the gold of the United States is not worth one-quarter of the *thought* that resulted in the steam engine, or the thought that harnessed electric power and the waterfall.

A BOOK TO READ

Read Charles the Twelfth's history written by Voltaire, if you want to spend a few hours usefully. It is only one short volume, the best history of one man ever written.

Law Cannot Stop Drunkenness —Education Can

EVERYBODY knows that until recently the average statesman, the majority of prominent men, in England, drank to excess.

Pitt was a drunkard—and Pitt was the most remarkable statesman in England.

Fox was a drunkard.

In fact, to write a list of England's greatest men, who lived more than a hundred years ago, would be to make a list of famous drunkards.

Today the drunkard in public life is practically unknown in England, as well as in America. No legal pressure has been brought to bear upon the prosperous drunkard.

He was not badgered by policemen or by blue-laws.

He could get *all* that he wanted to drink *whenever* he wanted it—yet, *of his own accord,* the prosperous drunkard has reformed and become temperate.

Our own great Daniel Webster was a drunkard, as were many other great Americans. No man today could be a drunkard and at the same time be respected.

Education, experience and common sense have done their work, and drunkenness is now left to self-indulgent fools, or to those whose lives are made dull by poverty, to whom alcohol affords the only escape from horrible monotony.

It would, perhaps, be worth while for the advocates of temperance to study the causes which have practically eliminated drunkenness from the most intelligent classes of men.

Education undoubtedly is the greatest factor.

In nearly all the public schools now the evil effects of alcohol are taught.

These evil effects are taught, not in a lackadaisical way, with sentiment or religious duty as a basis. They are taught as *facts.*

Facts appeal to the mind, and they persist in their effect in later life, when moral suasion and religious appeals are forgotten.

Teach every child that alcohol destroys his chances of success, impairs his muscular efficiency, inflames the substance of the brain and prevents development—*make him feel that a drinking man is a second-class man, and you will have done much to destroy the drunkenness of the future.*

As a matter of fact, drunkenness, like dirt, is mainly an accompaniment of poverty and a sad, hopeless life.

For the man or woman given to drinking, when the troubles of life are no longer to be borne, some relief must be had.

Make the lives of human beings more comfortable, make good food more plentiful, spread education—and you will solve the problem of excessive drinking.

Woman Sustains, Guides and Controls the World

Of all events here on earth, the greatest is the birth of a baby. Great battles are fought, won and lost. Nations and religions rise and fall. Great cities flourish today, and tomorrow the sand lies heavy over them. And of all these events the eternal Niagara of new babies is the first and essential foundation.

He knows little of real life, its greatest happiness, deepest devotion, intensest suffering, who has never witnessed the arrival of a new human being in this life of progress and struggle.

There lies the new baby at last, its black face gradually turning pink, its first gasping breaths changing the color of its blood, its tiny fists opening and closing —reaching out for nourishment already, its face tying itself into the first philosophical, cosmos-interrogating knot. Its feet turn inward and its legs are crooked. Its head is so shapeless as to discourage any one but a mother; it has three years of gurgling, ten years of childhood, ten years of foolishness, ten years of vanity —and possibly a few years of real usefulness ahead of it.

Some one must be patient, hopeful, interested, proud, never discouraged, always devoted, through all these years.

That "some one," the mother, lies there weak and white on the bed.

Her forehead and all her body are wet with agony— but she thinks no longer of that.

She has heard her baby's first cry, and whether it be her first or her tenth, the feeling is the same. Her feeble, outstretched arms and her hollow, loving eyes are turned toward the helpless little creature.

Those arms and that love will never desert it as long as the mother shall live.

The mother's weak hand supports the heavy, dull baby head and guides it to its rest on her breast.

And that hand which supports the head of the new-born baby, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of the world.

MEAN IT!

The police can easily stop reckless automobile driving. Fine the driver one hundred dollars. Take away his license for at least one year. Let it be known that there will be no exceptions. No man puts his hand on a red-hot stove. The trouble is the stove of justice is usually quite cool and doesn't burn anybody.

Two Kinds of Discontent

EMERSON says:

"Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will."

Another individual, at least as solemn if not as wise as Emerson, says:

"Discontent is the foundation of all human effort."

Both are right, for there are two kinds of discontent.

Almost everybody is afflicted with one kind of discontent or the other.

It would be well for you, Mr. Reader, to decide what kind of discontent afflicts you. If you have the wrong kind, hurry and get the other as fast as possible.

THE DISCONTENT THAT WHINES

This is the kind of discontent which Emerson refers to when he says that "discontent is the want of self-reliance."

The *whining* discontent ruins many lives; it is used as the excuse for much foolish conduct, much neglect of duty.

It is the discontent which reflects the feeble soul, the self-indulgent, worthless being.

A young man who gets drunk or dissipates otherwise, who offers as an excuse, "Well, I was feeling kind of *discontented* and had to do something," is afflicted with the wrong kind of discontent in its most virulent form.

The office boy with small wages who is caught smoking cigarettes, or evading his duties, or undermining his moral character by gambling, will also say, "I was discontented and had to do something."

If you have *that* discontent, try to get rid of it and get the other kind.

THE DISCONTENT THAT MEANS AMBITION

Alexander the Great lived and died discontented, but Emerson would scarcely have attributed that gentleman's discontent to lack of self-reliance.

Alexander was discontented, first, because he could not conquer the whole world, and, second, because there were no others that he could conquer. He was a vast genius, almost humorous in his ambitious discontent sometimes—especially when he looked at the stars and said, as alleged, that he was ashamed to look at all those other worlds when he had barely conquered this one little world that he lived on.

If you have in you Alexander's brand of discontent you may well be grateful.

You are still more to be envied if you have the discontent which has impelled thousands of great men to devote their lives ceaselessly to the discovery of truth, working for others.

When Taglioni, the great ballet dancer, was a little girl, with skinny legs and a skinnier future, being extremely homely and with no prospects of success, she was discontented.

Other skinny-legged little ballet dancers of her class were discontented also.

But Taglioni's discontent impelled her to spend every spare moment whirling on her big toe, practicing her *entrechat*, or laboring over the art of smiling, naturally, with aching toes, aching back, aching thighs, and solar plexus almost exhausted from the unnatural strain.

The other skinny-legged discontented ones exercised their discontent on their patient mothers, instead of exercising it on their own big toes. *They* never were heard of, whereas Taglioni pranced on *her* big toe before every court in Europe, and her smile, which ultimately became natural, attracted the opera glasses of all the great men.

There are thousands of young musicians, young business men, young singers, young electricians—thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings engaged in all kinds of effort in all directions.

All of them are discontented. Those that have the right kind of discontent will go at least as far as their natural capacity can take them, and those that have the wrong kind will collapse, achieve nothing and devote wasted lives to wasting pity on themselves.

Try to acquire the discontent of Alexander, Carlyle, Paganini, Taglioni, or even that of the honest bootblack who "shines them up" so hard that the perspiration comes through his check jumper in cold weather.

The Earth is Only a Front Yard

The philosophers, political economists, lawmakers, editors, sociologists, and all the other would-be deep thinkers of this earth, are really engaged in a pretty small business.

We are like a swarm of human beings cast away on some desert island. This earth is our island, a little island in space, and it is a desert island and a badly arranged island in more ways than one. Many of us lack good dwellings, some of us lack food, all of us are worried about the future. The island is infested with mosquitoes and with diseases that we have not learned to conquer. There are many criminals on it that prey upon the honest people—criminals at the top and criminals at the bottom of society.

And all of those who think and sympathize with their fellow creatures are busy with the problem of putting things right on this little desert island that carries us along in the wake of the sun.

Most of us imagine that the most important work for men is the organization of life on this little planet. That is a very small and mean idea of man's real destiny.

When a man builds a house, the planning of sanitary arrangements must first be attended to. After that begin the real life and the real interests. That real life and those real interests are not confined to the front yard or the back yard of the man that owns the house.

So it will be some day with us who are now engaged in the detailed organization of the little home which we call the earth. We are fixing up our moral plumbing—fighting poverty, injustice, and, above all, ignorance. We are fighting the meanness that comes of competition and the greater meanness that is based upon the dread of poverty in the future. Some of us are piling up millions that we can never use, while others suffer for lack of that which could be abundantly supplied.

All these little earthly questions that seem so big will be settled in time.

But a few years in the sight of Time—a few hundred centuries, perhaps, as we count them—and our earthly habitation will have been made fit to live in. We shall have eliminated the unfit—not by killing them off, but by educating them. We shall have solved the question of poverty by solving the question of production, and especially of distribution. We shall have developed a citizenship capable of earnest work, of sobriety and of moral decency, without the spur of want, imprisonment or the scaffold as necessary adjuncts.

In time the human race will have solved its little problems here—the problems that seem so vast to-day.

When that time comes we shall be like the man who has put his house in order, and our thoughts will not be confined to this little piece of ground. Then we shall appreciate the cosmic wisdom which has divided our day into darkness and light—the light for the enjoyment of the material beauties of our earthly home; *the night for the study and enjoyment of the vast, mysterious universe spread out around us.*

Everybody knows that the aged require less sleep than the young. In the future, this will make old age what

it ought to be, a blessing, because it will give to the old more hours of the night for contemplation of the Infinite and all its wonders.

Those of us who now think themselves very abstract when they speculate on the North Pole, or when they discuss the possibility of reclaiming the Desert of Sahara, will have their minds many millions of miles away from this earth a great deal of the time.

We shall communicate, perhaps, with our sister-planet, Venus—the planet most like ours in physical arrangement. We shall be intensely interested in that world, where it is always night on one side of the planet, and always day on the other.

We shall realize with deepest envy the fact that the constant, terrific currents of air whirling around Venus, in consequence of the extreme heat and the extreme cold on opposite sides of the planet, have developed a race as far superior to us as the trout in the swift-flowing brook is superior to the heavy-eyed catfish in the bottom of the pond.

We shall humbly beg for information from the superior inhabitants of other worlds, and perhaps wait with impatience for release from duty here, which shall take us to a higher planetary existence. If we look backward at all, we shall consider our present selves simply as refined cannibals, who lived upon the labor and the suffering of our fellows instead of feeding upon their bodies.

It may seem ridiculous to predict that the time will come when the intelligent man's interests will be nearly all outside of the earth on which he lives.

But to the savage of the Congo, squatted beside a decaying hippopotamus, gorging himself with the meat, with not a thought beyond that carcass or beyond the edge of the river, it would seem preposterous to speak of men whose interests range out over the entire world.

We look upon a man as very small to-day unless all knowledge interests him, unless his mind roams daily all over the civilized globe, sharing in the interests of all nations, in the literature, the discoveries and the activities of all nations.

To-day we, with our minds on little, material problems, our thoughts centred on this one little planet, as we lead our selfish lives, are like that Congo savage hacking away at the dead hippopotamus.

When night comes, we shut our eyes like the chickens, waiting for the light that means money-making or pleasure of the senses; or we go to theatres or to balls, or elsewhere, to shut out as far as possible all knowledge of that marvelous, unlimited creation to which we belong, and which it is our greatest privilege feebly to study.

The geography class of the future will be a class in astronomy. The real problems of the future will be the problems outside of this earth, and the real interests of the future will be interests connected with the universe at large.

We shall make of this earth a beautiful garden, inhabited by safe, happy human beings. We shall take pride in it, and enjoy it by day. Our intellectual lives will begin with the going down of the sun and the gradual appearance of those mighty neighbors in space that alone will interest the thinking man of future days.

The Cow That Kicks Her Weaned Calf is All Heart

An estimable and very intelligent lady criticises modern education, saying, "So much brain is forced into the girl nowadays that it crowds out her heart."

At the risk of shattering the foundations of romance and poetry, it must be said here once and for all that the heart has nothing whatever to do with the emotions. It is simply a pump, and a large part of its work consists in pumping blood to the brain. The greater the brain, the greater and more active the heart must be. A serpent, with little or no brain and a cold disposition all around, gets along very nicely with little or no heart.

Those who speak of the heart as opposed to the mind mean to speak of unreasoning sentiment as opposed to intellectual strength.

The lady quoted and many others say that the woman and mother should be all affection, and that development of the mind diminishes the affection.

We wish to lay down a few rules; we invite criticism.

The best thing, the only important thing about a woman, a man, a baby, or any other human being, is the intellect.

Affection is a beautiful thing, but affection is *born* in the brain and *confined* to the brain.

A young woman looks at a splendid creature in a soldier's uniform. Her heart beats fast, and she imag-

ines, as all antiquity has imagined, that the heart is the seat of the emotions. Nonsense!

The emotion is in the *brain,* which has just received, through the optic nerve, a conception of the lovely vision in brass buttons. The heart is ordered to pump more blood to the head of the young girl, to supply mental activity and the becoming blush.

If you hear bad news you feel the effect on your heart; sometimes you fall unconscious. That is because the brain sensation is so strong as to interfere with the heart's action. You feel the shock that the brain sends to the heart.

The idea that cultivation of the mind interferes with a woman's moral, sentimental, or motherly qualities is foolish twaddle.

The idea that mere sentiment, ignorant, vague affection are sufficient without education to make a first-class human mother is false and feeble.

Have you ever seen a cow follow the wagon that carries her calf to the butcher shop? It is a very sad sight, the plaintive lowing of the poor mother as she follows behind begging for her child to be restored. Every farmer knows that there is no necessity for hitching the cow to the wagon when her calf is inside. She will follow that calf until she drops.

There is your loving, devoted mother without education. The cow's heart, to use the old expression, is all right. Her mental equipment is perfectly suited to a cow. Nature and society require that she should give the utmost love to her calf this year, and give all of that same love to another calf next year.

Bring back in three months that calf that she follows now with such pitiful appeals. If the weaned calf tries to re-establish the old relationship, its mother, "all heart and no head," will kick it in the ribs and then butt it across the lot.

It's all right for the *cow* to be all heart and no head; she does not need the higher education.

It is all right for the humble savage mother in the dark African jungle to be built on the same lines. Like the cow, all that she has to do is to take care of the baby until it is able to run around and forage for itself.

But the civilized mother, the woman who must do her duty in the present and in the future as well, requires a good mind, love based upon knowledge and a sense of justice, affection that follows the child from the cradle to maturity, gradually substituting for intense motherly physical care an equally intense and loving intellectual companionship and guidance.

It is important, of course, that mothers of all kinds, human or animal, should be cheerful, and above all healthy, able to feed their babies themselves and feed them well.

But as the brain in a human being is above the stomach, so the intellect in a mother is above the mere maternal affection inspired by babyhood.

The great mothers are those who, when they cease feeding the child's body, can begin to feed the child's brain.

The great men are great, and they were lucky, because they had mothers who did not cease to feed them when

they were weaned, but kept on feeding them mentally into their manhood.

The woman with a big brain is the best *in every way.*

She is better before she is married, for she attracts the man of intelligence, and establishes a family of intelligent beings.

She is better as a young wife, because the ambition and intelligence in her call out the ambition and intelligence in her husband.

Hers is the happy home that needs no divorce lawyer. Pink cheeks, small feet, squeezed waists, curly hair and such things disappear or get tiresome. And all pink cheeks are very much alike, as Dr. Johnson said of the green fields.

But intelligence never gets tiresome; no two brains are ever at all alike if well developed. A woman of intelligence always develops new qualities; she can never be monotonous.

There is no such thing as too much education, although educating us primitive men and women is apt to develop unexpected littleness, and thus create prejudice.

Note this important fact: The bigger the brain, the bigger the heart, not only physically, but sentimentally and morally. It takes brain to feel real emotion; a well-developed mind to develop real sentiment, real affection.

A foolish, ignorant young woman may be pleasant enough to look at, but she is like a white, pink-eyed rabbit—ornamental, but a poor companion.

Woman's Vanity is Useful

We'll waste no time in proving that women, from the cradle to the grave, at all hours and all ages, are sincerely interested in their personal appearance.

No man should object to this—the constitutional guarantee referring to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness covers the ground fully.

But it is not enough for men *not to object* to woman's various innocent vanities.

Every man should be delighted that women are vain. Each man should do what he can to keep the vanity alive.

For woman's vanity, dearly beloved, is the one and indispensable preserver of her health.

A woman cannot be pretty, according to her own notions, unless *healthy.*

If too fat, she is not pretty—and she is miserable until, through self-control, she gets thin.

If too thin, she is not pretty. At present she has a crazy sort of idea that to be "skinny" is to be attractive. That is a passing delusion. In the long run women realize that there is nothing beautiful about a female living skeleton, and they strive through normal living to become normal.

Above all, no woman can have a good complexion unless she have good health and live normally. This one absorbing question of complexion does more for woman's health; it gives us more strong mothers, and more sensible girls, than all the preachings, beseechings,

prayers and expostulations of all the world's male advisers.

A woman's instinct is to eat buckwheat cakes, adding boiling hot coffee and iced water. She likes to eat candy between meals, and her idea of a fine luncheon is lobster salad and ice cream. But small spots appear. Those fine pink cheeks get too pink or too pale, and sensible eating is adopted as a life rule.

Even the hideous corset squeezing is counteracted by the power of complexion. Woman likes to look like a wasp, and if she could she would move her poor system all out of place for the sake of a waist hideously small.

But, providentially, a waist squeezed too mercilessly gives a bright pink tip to the end of the nose; and for the sake of the color of that nose-tip the poor waist gets a rest—the corset is let out.

It cannot be denied that among idle, nervous women to-day there is a tendency to take stimulants to excess, and even to smoke abominable cigarettes.

Alcohol, fortunately, ruins the complexion. And for the sake of their looks women often deny themselves and show a strength of resolution that would not be called forth by any moral appeal.

Cigarettes in short order make the face sallow, spoil the shape of the mouth, make the eyes heavy, fill the hair with permanently unpleasant nicotine suggestions, develop a mustache—and women are cured of cigarette smoking by a look in the glass, when they could not be cured by tearful appeals of the wisest philosophers.

Do not, therefore, O men, despise the vanity of women. Praise and cherish it rather. Be grateful that nature

works in a wonderful way through the power of attraction, making woman do for good looks' sake that which is most important to her welfare.

If you want to cure your wife or some other female relative of lacing, don't moralize. Say to her six or seven times:

"Isn't the end of your nose a little red?"

Should she act in any way unwisely, staying up too late, living foolishly, trying the silly and unwomanly habit of cigarette smoking, don't criticise the habit.

Criticise her complexion, or the look of her eyes, or her general lack of youthfulness. She will soon be cured, if you can follow this advice astutely.

Too Little and Too Much

HERE is a quotation from a very wise person called Aristotle.

This Greek philosopher was the teacher of Alexander the Great, and incidentally he has been the teacher of millions of men since he began to talk philosophy, more than twenty centuries ago.

"First of all, we must observe that in all these matters of human action the too little and the too much are alike ruinous, as we can see (to illustrate the spiritual by the natural) in the case of strength and health. Too much and too little exercise alike impair the strength, and too much meat and drink and too little both alike destroy the health, but the fitting amount produces and preserves them. . . . So, too, the man who takes his fill of every pleasure and abstains from none becomes a profligate: while he who shuns all becomes stolid and insusceptible."

The next time you fall into a philosophical mood, and begin reviewing the causes of your troubles, see if you can't find some useful suggestion in the common-sense statement of Aristotle we give to-day.

How about the "too much" of one thing and "too little" of another?

Are you quite sure that you don't do too much talking and too little thinking?

Are you sure that you don't do too much drinking and playing and idling, and too little reading?

Are you sure that you don't do too much of things you like that do you no good, and too little of things

that you ought to like, and that would help you to succeed?

We believe that every one of our readers has some friend or brother or son who can be really helped by the reading of this quotation from the old Greek wise man.

You can state to any young man or woman to whom you send this advice that the man who gave it formed the character and judgment of Alexander, the world's most successful young man.

The Japanese centuries ago decided on an embargo. To be found crossing the Japanese frontier with silkworms or the eggs of silkworms was punished by death.

The wise Japanese says: "We have the worms that make the silk, that makes us rich. We want these worms, let's keep them."

That's how the Japanese have built up the great silk industry

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There is such a thing as training the mind to wise thinking. Good resolutions do it. To do anything worth while, a man must plan it, think about it and resolve to do it, thousands of times.

Start a "thought diary."

Write *one thought* each day in a diary—don't trouble to write details that won't live.

A diary with a *thought* every day would be valuable and give you in old age an interesting mirror of your life.